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Chronicle

The War.—The capture of Jerusalem early in the week by the British came as a natural sequel to General Allenby's strategic advance and the seizure of Jaffa and later of Hebron. A part of General Allenby's troops, advancing from

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the direction of Bethlehem, drove back the enemy and passing Jerusalem on the east, established themselves on the Jerusalem-Jericho road, while another division attacked the enemy position west and northwest of Jerusalem, and placed themselves astride the Jerusalem-Schechem road. The city was thus surrounded and surrendered. Every care was taken to avoid injuring the Holy Places. On December 11, General Allenby entered the city officially at noon on foot, with his staff, the commanders of the French and Italian detachments, the heads of the political missions, and the military attachés of France, Italy and America. Guards were set over the Holy Places and the military governor appointed by General Allenby was immediately put in contact with the custodians and the Latin and Greek representatives. A proclamation from the British commander "To the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Blessed," written in Arabic, Hebrew, English, French, Italian, Greek and Russian, was published, proclaiming martial law and intimating that all the Holy Places would be maintained and protected according to "the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faith they are sacred."

On the western front, after continuous artillery fire from the Germans to search out the British positions, severe fighting again flared up in the Ypres sector and resulted in the capture by the enemy of a small section of British trenches in Polygon Wood, part of which was later on taken by Marshal Haig's forces, who also made a successful counter-attack near Poelsterhoek Chateau. On the Cambrai front, after an unprecedented concentration of men and guns, a fierce attack was made by the enemy against the elbow in the bend of the British line between Bullecourt and Quéant, about ten miles west of Cambrai. The British report says that the vigorous defense of General Byng's men arrested the movement, but only after the Germans had obtained a footing on about 500 yards of the British front.

In spite of heavy Austro-German attacks along the Italian mountain front the Italian lines, except in a few positions, seem so far to be holding the enemy. The fighting has been especially severe between the Brenta and Piave Rivers; in the Col della Beretta region and in the Col dell Orso, where large German units stormed from the east Monte Spionola and the defenses in the Calcina Valley, and south of the Col Caprille heights, previously captured by them. On the lower Piave the Italians claim to have repulsed all attacks.

Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, announced on December 15, after a conference with President Wilson, that a Military War Council to be composed of the Secretary

New Military Council

of War, the Assistant Secretary of War and five high-ranking officers of the regular army had been created in a general order issued that day. This body is to devote itself to the problem of supply for the American forces in the field, and will serve as a connecting link between these forces and the War Department. From the statement made by the Secretary, it has been generally inferred that the War Council will consider matters of military policy and questions relating to the cooperation of the United States forces with those of the Allies, and that it will act in conjunction with the Inter-Allied War Council, just organized in Europe, of which Oscar T. Crosby, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, has been elected president. In his statement Secretary Baker says that the new War Council will not take over the "specialized duties" of the Army General Staff and the Army War College but will devote itself to the "larger problems" of the War Department. It is intended to send members of the War Council to the various theaters of the war to gather information for the Council. General officers of large experience will be added to the council from time to time. The Secretary's statement indicates that the new body will determine or at least outline matters of strategy and problems that have a political or semi-political aspect. It might be called a sort of Super-General Staff. One of its members will be the Chief of the General Staff.

An investigation of the country's war efforts has been started by Congress. The Senate ordered a general in-

quiry into the work of the War Department, while the House is looking into the state of the military establishment with special reference to the ordnance. The Senate plans to investigate the coal and sugar situation, and the House is preparing to look into the shipping problem. General Crozier, of the Ordnance Bureau, testified that owing to delay this country will probably have to borrow its artillery in France until some time next summer. Secretary Baker came in for some criticism for the delay. For the machine-gun delay the Secretary took full responsibility, but stated that every plant in the country is now being operated to full capacity.

The recent change of government in Portugal was due partly to economic conditions and partly to political reasons. Premier Costa and President Machado have been arrested, the presidency going to Dr. Sidonio Paes, leader of the revolt and former Minister to Germany.

The new leaders, though supposed to be personally favorable to Germany, have declared, it is reported, that Portugal will continue her previous international policy. In the lower house of the Prussian Diet Chancellor von Hertling introduced an electoral reform bill and the act has been characterized by its author as a turning point in history. Deputy Strobel, on the occasion, made a significant speech in the Diet urging the democratization of the country as the only means of escaping from the evils of the war. Maximilian Harden says that "only a miracle can bring peace." "Either Germany must be crushed or our enemies must be defeated. There is no alternative."

Austro-Hungarian subjects now in the United States, most of the million of whom are laborers and, according to Government information, loyal to the Allied War cause, will suffer but few restrictions as a result of the war between this country and Austria-Hungary.

In a proclamation issued on December 12, declaring a state of war with Austria-Hungary, in accordance with the act of Congress, the President specified that unnaturalized Austro-Hungarians, unlike the Germans in this country, shall be free to live and travel anywhere, except that they may not enter or leave the United States without permission, and those suspected of enemy activity may be interned. They need not register with police or post-office officials, as Germans will soon be required to do, and are not debarred from the 100-yard zone about docks, piers and warehouses closed to Germans, and are not required to leave the District of Columbia. As an indication of the attitude of the President towards the Austro-Hungarians, it has been pointed out that nowhere in the proclamation does he use the phrase "enemy aliens," but refers to them only as "natives, citizens, denizens or subjects" of Austria-Hungary.

Declaring himself in agreement with President Wilson's statement of war aims, Premier Lloyd George in

a speech at London before Gray's Inn benchers, December 14, asserted that the Allies were making progress towards the goal of victory, which was the only hope of peace. According to the Premier, any peace overture to Prussia would be a betrayal of trust. Victory, he added, was now a question of tonnage, and Germany was evidently gambling on a failure by the United States to transport her troops to Europe in time. In the course of the speech the Premier pronounced the last word in the peace controversy opened by the recent letter of the Marquis of Lansdowne. He thoroughly indorsed President's Wilson's declaration of war aims, but found no common ground in the paths of the President and the Marquis towards peace. The Premier made no specific statement with regard to the war aims which the Marquis had urged. In referring to the Lansdowne letter, Mr. Lloyd George said:

I now understand that all our anxieties concerning this epistle were groundless, that the Marquis of Lansdowne did not intend to convey the meaning which his words might reasonably bear, and that all the time he was in complete agreement with President Wilson's message. Now, the Government is in full agreement with that message. Mr. Asquith also is in agreement with it.

The Premier added that he did not fear the extreme pacifists, but admitted that there was a minority of people busying themselves with the views advocated by the letter and who thought that in its author they had found a leader whom the country would follow into "a premature and vanquished peace." He warned the nation to watch men who think there is a half-way house between victory and defeat. He admitted that this "was not the most propitious hour," that Russia's threatened retirement from the war strengthens the Hohenzollerns and weakens the forces of democracy, but that Russia's action will not lead, as she imagines, to universal peace. "It will inevitably prolong the world's agony and inevitably put her in bondage to Prussian military dominance." But if Russia is out, he said, America is in with both arms, and the gap formed by Russia's retirement will be filled "by the valiant sons of the great American Republic."

France.—Even anti-clericalism, with all its rabid hatred of the Religious Orders, is forced to pay homage to the heroism and patriotism of those whom it drove out of France. The following article, *Jesuit Distinctions* which appeared lately in an anti-clerical journal, *L'Italie*, published in Italy, is an eloquent testimony, extorted by the evidence of facts, from the sworn enemies of those whom it praises:

Jesuits in France! What are we coming to? Yes, the Jesuits are in France, fighting Jesuits, not for the purpose of prayer, or teaching, or preaching, for they have been forbidden such things by the country of Caillaux, though their schools have produced such men as Castelnau, Foch and Guynemer. Jesuits from distant French missions, where wild savagery and primitive bar-

barism are to be found, where they are free to preach Christ, preach Christ unhampered, and die for Christ too. These Jesuits have left their distant missions to do their duty by their native land, the land which exiled them, because of their faith, to those foreign countries. Yet France, immortal France, had to call them back. There were 750 of them in all, of whom 112 have been killed, 20 taken prisoners, and 48 wounded. Think of it! Fifteen per cent of their total number fallen! There are still 528 of them in active service; and among these are to be found 10 chaplains, 15 lieutenants, 31 sub-lieutenants, 8 adjutants, 2 midshipmen, 96 sergeants, 59 corporals, 3 doctors and 6 marine officers. So much for their efficiency.

As for their bravery, it suffices to mention the well-earned distinctions of this Company of Jesus which is serving in the Army of the Republic. Of the 528 Jesuits still in active service, 27 have merited the Legion of Honor, 16 have won the Military Medal, 200 the War Cross, 239 the Summons to the Order of the Day, 2 the Medal for Bravery during an Epidemic, 3 the English D. M. C. Medal, 1 the Belgian Cross of War, 1 the Serbian Eagle Medal, and 1 the Medal of the Order of Isabella of Spain; in all, 490 decorations and distinctions for 528 men enlisted, which means ninety-three per cent of the whole. Who will dare assert hereafter that the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius, that much libeled book, does not import a characteristic Jesuit training and an education truly typical and thorough!

Nor is this all. The French Jesuits are serving their country, not by arms alone, though it is much to do this, but in the intellectual sphere as well. The *Etudes*, the masterly review, is continually giving expression to the noblest sentiments of Christian patriotism, so necessary today. Truly may the Jesuits apply to themselves the words of Veuillot: "In the midst of competition and faction no side claims us but Church and country." Jesuits! That ninety-three per cent says all! What party, or group of men, or club, or lodge can claim similar distinction in its devotion to country? Out of one hundred persons ninety-three were decorated or honored. That indeed is Jesuitical! Nothing more need be said.

Very different all this from the words of opprobrium hurled by the anti-clericals against the Jesuits these many years. Much the same, doubtless, could be said of the other orders, were the details of their practical love of country put on record. Will the enemies of the Society of Jesus remember its service after the war? Have we heard the last of the malicious lie, that loyalty to the Church and the Holy Father is incompatible with unquestioned love of country? Past history forbids us to be oversanguine. Nevertheless the facts are on record. It would be well if they were treasured against the day of need.

In marked contrast to this evidence of Jesuit patriotism are the charges now before the Chamber of Deputies against the arch-enemy of the Jesuits and the soul of

Accusations Against Caillaux

anti-clericalism, M. Joseph Caillaux, mentioned above, who has posed for many years in Paris as the embodiment of French patriotism. M. Caillaux is at present facing trial on three accusations, namely, an attempt against the safety of the State by acts of a nature tending to compromise the alliances concluded between France and foreign Powers; treasonable relations with the enemy; and dishonorable peace propaganda. The matter was brought before the Chamber by General Duvail, Military Governor of Paris, in a letter asking for au-

thorization to proceed with the prosecution of the former Premier. The Committee of Eleven, appointed by the Chamber to report on the case, has been urged by Dr. Clemenceau, the Premier, to suspend the immunities of Deputy Caillaux on the ground that the country demands an investigation. But the Committee withheld action pending further evidence on the charges. Some documents have already been laid before it; other documents, said the Premier, could not be put at its disposal without authorization from the foreign Powers concerned.

M. Caillaux appeared before the Committee and declared that the charges against him were the result of a personal quarrel between himself and Camille Barrère, the French Ambassador at Rome. Premier Clemenceau later informed the Committee of Eleven that unless the immunity of ex-Premier Caillaux the present Ministry could not remain in power. Accordingly a vote was taken in which nine of the Committee were in favor of granting M. Clemenceau's demand.

Rome.—Strictures on the Pope's note have taken particular exception to the attitude of His Holiness towards Belgium. If any voice can be relied on to give

Cardinal Mercier's Letter

correct expression to the sentiments of Belgium it is that of the distinguished Cardinal of Malines, Archbishop Mercier. In a letter addressed to the Holy Father on October 10, but only lately given to the public, he writes as follows in the name of the Belgian Bishop and clergy:

We feel constrained to express to your Holiness how happy we have been made by learning of the new proofs of your paternal love for Belgium, contained in the message of peace addressed to the belligerent nations. . . . While fulfilling your lofty mission of endeavoring to restore peace to the world, you have had special solicitude for our unhappy country. Your Holiness asks of those who have the direction of the destinies of the belligerent nations in this terrible tragic hour to provide for the total evacuation of Belgium, with guarantees for its complete political, military and economic independence; but an official commentary makes it clear that the part of the message of your Holiness, which speaks of a final indemnity based on justice and equity, has Belgium in mind.

In view of the fact that both the King and the Primate of Belgium have put themselves on record as greatly gratified with the Pope's attitude towards their country, reasonable men will know how to discount malicious criticisms on the subject which are entirely at variance with the truth.

An association has been recently formed in Rome to cultivate and emphasize loyalty to the Pope. The character of the organization is thus set forth in the *Catholic Herald of India*:

Amongst the means to this end it is proposed that every year on the feast-day of the reigning Pontiff, and on the anniversary of his birth, Catholics throughout the whole world should unite in a common prayer, also assisting at Holy Mass and offering Communion for the intentions of the Pope. All who are

ready to undertake this obligation, be they individuals, families, associations or parishes, are requested to send their adhesion to the seat of the Committee, whose address is Via San Marcello, 20a Rome. The Committee propose to present to the Holy Father each year an album containing the names of all who have participated in this act of devotion on his account. During the reign of the present Pontiff the dates for the two Communions will be the 25 July, his fête-day, and November 21, the day of his birth.

Since the very earliest days of the Church devotion to the Holy See has been the touchstone of Faith. Undoubtedly in these days of violent attack on the Papacy Catholics the world over will be anxious to give to the Holy Father this simple and touching proof of their adherence to the Chair of Peter.

Russia.—The Bolsheviks' first attempt to conclude an armistice with Germany, as was noted in last week's chronicle, ended in failure, for the Kaiser's representa-

The Armistice Signed

tives insisted that Russia should withdraw her troops from the occupied portion of Galicia and the Black Sea littoral, and Russia's counter-proposals were that Germany should evacuate the islands in Moon Sound and guarantee not to transfer troops to the western front. Neither side would yield, so negotiations came to a standstill. But on December 10 the news came that the Central Powers had signed a three months' armistice with the Russian and Rumanian armies on the Russian front between the Dniester and the mouth of the Danube. Rumania could do nothing else, as the Bolsheviks threatened to cut off her food and war material. On December 11 thirteen delegates representing the army, the navy and the civilian population, set out for Brest-Litovsk to resume negotiations with the Germans, and on December 15 an armistice was signed which was to begin at noon December 17 and remain in force till January 14, 1918. Unless seven days' notice is given the armistice remains in force automatically. Here are the remaining terms of the armistice:

The armistice embraces the land and aerial forces on the front from the Baltic to the Black Sea and also the Russo-Turkish front in Asia Minor. During the armistice the parties concerned obligate themselves not to increase the number of troops on the above fronts or on the islands in Moon sound, or to make a regrouping of forces.

Neither side is to make operative any transfers of units from the Baltic-Black Sea front until January 1 (January 14), excepting those begun before the agreement is signed. They obligate themselves not to concentrate troops on parts of the Black Sea or Baltic Sea east of the 15th degree of longitude east of Greenwich.

The line of demarcation on the European front is the first line of defense. The space between will be neutral. The navigable rivers will be neutral, their navigation being forbidden except for necessary purposes of commercial transport or on sections where the positions are at a great distance. On the Russo-Turkish front the line of demarcation will be arranged at the mutual consent of the chief commanders.

The armistice on the naval front embraces all of the Black Sea and the Baltic Sea east of the meridian 15 degrees east of Greenwich. . . .

Both sides agree to begin negotiations at once for a permanent peace.

There is little news about the first session of the Constituent Assembly, but on December 10 Lenine sent out a wireless message from Petrograd announcing that

The Constituent Assembly

"The second sitting of the Constituent Assembly was opened by a person authorized by the Council of the People's Commissaries. There were present no fewer than 400 members." The full membership of the Assembly is 600, and the number of Bolshevik delegates is said to be equal to that of all the other parties combined. In the elections the garrisons were largely for the Bolsheviks; the Social Revolutionists carried the villages and the Constitutional Democrats the towns. But the Assembly seems to have dwindled down to an attendance of fifty members on December 11 and of only forty on the following day. The Bolsheviks arrested the Central Elections Committee, a number of Cadets and Constitutional Democrats and broke up a meeting of the Social Democrats. One group of Delegates has retired to Kiev to hold sessions there.

On December 16 the Executive Committee of the Workmen's Committee of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, by a vote of 150 to 104, approved a decree which declared the Constitutional Democrats enemies of the people. The Peasants' Congress, by a vote of 360 to 321, protested against members of the Constituent Assembly being arrested and called upon the country to protect the Delegates. But Foreign Minister Trotzky said in an address to his opponents: "You are perturbed by the mild terror we are applying to our enemies. But know that within a month this terror will take the terrible form of the French revolutionary terror—not the fortress, but the guillotine."

The news that comes about the progress of the civil war is very confusing. Dispatches dated Petrograd,

The Civil War

December 10, announced that Bolshevik forces came into conflict with Korniloff's troops at Tamanauk Station. The battle seems to have lasted about twenty-four hours, and there were many casualties. One report had it that Korniloff was defeated and wounded, another that he had routed his opponents. His attempt to cut off the Bolsheviks from communication with Siberia appears to have failed. According to later intelligence the Bolshevik forces took three important cities in the Don Cossack territory, and Kaledines was arrested by his own generals. That would leave General Dutoff, hetman of the Ural Cossacks, the only anti-Bolshevik leader in the field. The situation in Moscow was reported grave on December 12. The Bolsheviks had placed machine-guns in the streets, the garrison was insubordinate and starvation threatened the inhabitants. In Petrograd there was great disorder when the people broke into the Winter Palace's wine-cellars and plundered the liquor they found there.

Christmas Day, 1917

JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY

FOR the first time in more than half a century, Christmas Day dawns upon our country at war. We have not lived through these fifty years and more, as through an unbroken cycle of tranquillity; yet, since the fateful Christmas of 1864, year by year have the Christian people of this nation gathered at the Crib of the Prince of Peace, at peace with all the world.

We may not attempt to search the Providence of God to inquire why this change has been thrust upon us. God's counsels are His own, beyond the scrutiny of created minds. But today we know that the words of Isaias have come to pass in our land; upon the dark mountain the banner is lifted up, and there is a noise of a multitude, as it were of many people, the noise of the sound of kings, of nations gathered together, for the Lord of hosts hath given charge to the troops of war. For many, therefore, the birthday of the Prince of Peace will this year be a day on which the tender recollection of those young men who bear our flag in foreign lands, or who, perhaps, have already given their lives in the glorious cause of our country, will bring the tears of longing into the eyes of those who knew and loved them; a day on which all of us, certain as we are of the rectitude of our cause and the might of our nation, will be minded to come to the Crib, not alone with the simple, child-like joy of other years, but as those who implore the mighty protection of the Prince of Peace, who is likewise the King of Justice, the eternal Ruler, upon whose shoulder is the government of nations.

Touched with poignant memories, then, this Christmas Day will be for many, and not without apprehension for all who with any adequate measure have gauged the magnitude of the task before us. We have been asked to undertake many heavy burdens; we have answered the appeal, whether for our possessions, our time, our services, our children, with an alacrity which promises much for the future. Under the leadership of the Chief Executive of the nation, the conduct of our people on all occasions has demonstrated the vigorous survival of the old American, Christian, ideal of patriotism, love of country founded on love of God. From this fact we may draw assurance that the Providence of Almighty God which in days far darker than any which now seem to confront our people gave strength to the trembling hands of our fathers, will continue its benign protection over our beloved country. Although the times were bitter, God was very near to us in that winter, when, in camp at Valley Forge, the Father of our Country besought the favor of Heaven for his cause; so, too, in a later day when, as men thought, the Union under which our nation had grown great, was about to be broken forever. In the years of

peace that followed, charity, education, all manner of benevolent works flourished, and in the calm and undisturbed surroundings of a reunited people, dwelling in concord and mutual esteem, the power of the Church, the mystical body of Christ, was made manifest in countless enterprises for the mental and spiritual quickening both of our Catholic people and of the nation at large. Surely, in the history of our country, and of the Church fulfilling her Divine mission under a just and benign government, we can easily discern the operation of God's loving Providence. His hand is not shortened; His designs over our country, as we may believe, are not yet perfected. Therefore, as we gather at the Crib of the Saviour of the world, at a time when well-nigh the whole world is at war, with all confidence may we trust that, if we are faithful to Him, the dark clouds now hanging over us shall be speedily lifted, and in the glorious day which follows after, God's fostering Providence will grant us unexampled opportunities to approach more closely, through faith and love, to the fruition of the peace of Christ, the unbroken peace, which the world cannot give or take away.

Before that longed-for day gladdens our war-weary eyes, we may be asked to drink deep of the chalice of suffering. The lessons which will hearten us are preached with eloquence at the Crib of Jesus Christ. We see a little Child; in our faith, we adore Him as very God. Our hearts are moved to love God who has so loved us as to give His only-begotten Son for our comforting and salvation. Wrapped in swaddling-clothes, the Divine Child has divested Himself of all exterior manifestation of the Divinity; He who is adored in the palaces of heaven is laid in a manger. He is made poor to encourage us to bear with patience the sufferings of life, to teach us to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, His brethren, even as we would have ministered to the Holy Family, had that blessed privilege been granted us. Taking our nature, in compliance with the eternal decree of God, He begins His mission of salvation in want and suffering. The Child in the manger is the model and the inspiration of all who would look upon God forever, after their eyes have been closed to the fleeting joys and sorrows of this world of time. Unless we strive to emulate the virtues of the Child of Bethlehem, we shall not bear as Christians should the trials of life, and, at the end of all, enter into the Kingdom of God. Therefore, now, more than before, is it necessary that we draw close to the Manger at Bethlehem.

When the world seemed lost, the glory of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, appeared amongst us, a little Child in the arms of Mary, His Immaculate Mother.

So shall it be with us, we pray, with our people and with our nation. To those that love God, as St. Paul tells us, all things work together unto good. If He has care for the flower of the field, for the birds of the air, His merciful Heart will be opened to the prayers and to the intercessions which rest upon our men who have left all to serve their country. Some day, as we confidently trust, the spear shall be laid aside for the Cross of Christ, and God shall take His place, from which He has so long been excluded, in the government

of His people, and in that day a little Child shall lead the nations, united in mutual charity and trust. But now, as always, our lots are in His hands, the loving hands of Him who because He loved us, became a Child, the broken hands of Christ our Saviour, pierced upon the Cross. In all trust, then, may we say as we gather at the Crib of Bethlehem, on Christmas Day, 1917, "I will give thanks to Thee, O Lord, for . . . behold, God is my Saviour; I will deal confidently, and will not fear, because the Lord is my strength."

Crusaders in Khaki

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

A CHRISTIAN army has entered Jerusalem in triumph and the tread of its victorious regiments has echoed round the world. The Holy City has been freed from the Moslem yoke which has disgraced and enslaved it for the last seven hundred years. Over the Mosque of Omar the crescent has been lowered before the Cross. A sigh of relief and a hymn of gratitude have gone up from the nations that still worship Christ, the Son of David, as their God and as the Redeemer and Saviour of the world. They can sing their *Te Deum*, for Bethlehem and Gethsemane, Calvary and the Holy Sepulcher are once more in Christian hands. Never again must they be given up. Never again should the Turk be allowed to keep guard over the holiest spot in all the world. No statecraft, no game of shifting world-politics should ever be tolerated by which these hills hallowed by the life and the sufferings of the Man-God and bedewed by His Sacred Blood will ever pass out of the power of the last of the Crusaders, who have just entered the portals of the Sacred City.

The hosts of England were not the only ones, who a few days ago passed in victory under the gates of Sion. The heart of Christendom went with them. With them marched ghostly and invisible armies, the spirits of heroes of their own flesh and blood, the spirits of English archers and bowmen, knights and kings, of Richard the Lion-Hearted and Edward Plantagenet, of the Crusaders who, spear in rest, charged the hosts of Saladin, fought at Ascalon and under the walls of the Holy City in the brave days of old when men went forth to the Holy Land to free the Sepulcher of Christ. The regiments of England today have only followed where centuries ago Godfrey de Bouillon and Tancred and Baldwin and Bohemond, Philip Augustus and Frederic, the chivalry of feudal Europe from the Danube to the Shannon, pointed the way.

The dream of the Crusader has come true. The triumph granted for a short time only to Godfrey, the first Latin King of Jerusalem and to his successors, but

denied to Philip of France and to Richard of England, refused even to the piety and the chivalry of St. Louis, by a strange chain of circumstances has been finally granted to the arms of Christian soldiers in the twentieth century. The last of the Crusades has closed with victory for the Cross. The dreams of Popes like Urban and Innocent and Calixtus, of fighting kings and knights have been realized. Unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless in a very real and practical sense, modern armies different in every way from the steel-harnessed hosts of the past have continued and completed the work which they undertook, and which they saw was necessary for the peace of Christendom, that of breaking the power and the prestige of the Turk.

There is of course work yet to do. Constantinople must be wrenched from the grasp of the Osmanli. But that will be only a political victory. The capture of Jerusalem, not without its practical value, is one which especially appeals to the feeling and the heart of Christendom. By that victory Christians regain their self-respect, for as long as the Turk kept guard over the places which of all others were dearest and most sacred in the world to faith and loyalty, they felt humbled and disgraced. The humiliation is ended. We have come into our own again. Forever now Christians will watch in reverence without fear of insult over the Cradle and the Tomb of the Man-God. Christians cannot imagine, shall not tolerate any other guardianship.

In the light of the recent events in Palestine we see the truth of the old adage that God fulfils Himself in many ways. Mysteriously He bends the course of history to His own Divine purposes. Out of the chaos of passion, war, cruelty and wrong He brings order and peace. On the wrecks of gigantic plans for world-empire, He builds for His own ends. In a war, caused undoubtedly because His laws and His Commandments had been set aside for the fulfilment of the most ambitious schemes, He shows that He is still the Master and Guide of men and that the colossal machinery of modern warfare, the instru-

ment of men's ambition, becomes in His hands the means whereby His City and His Tomb return once more to their rightful owners. When the first guns of the great war thundered at Belgrade or against the forts of Liège and Namur, men little thought that they would reecho on the fields of Palestine, that they were a warning to the Turk that his day, a day of degradation and death, was over. Men blundered we hear, some one blundered terribly at Sulva Bay and in the trenches at Gallipoli. French and English seamen, Irish Guards and Australian riflemen died then in a vain attempt to capture the City of Constantine. They failed, failed gloriously there. Had they succeeded and had Constantinople then been taken, Jerusalem might not have been so speedily freed from the yoke of its former masters.

Ever since the fall of Constantinople in 1453 Christendom has been but too anxious to break the power of the Turk. Now and again stout hearts were found to answer the call of the Popes, never more statesmen than when they warned Europe that the power of the Osmanli had to be curbed. Though the days of the Crusades were over, generous hearts were ever found to enrol themselves under the standard of the Cross to deliver Europe from the sway of the hated and dangerous intruder. John Hunyadi and St. John Capistran on the field of Belgrade, John of Austria and Colonna at Lepanto, Sobieski under the walls of Vienna, the brave Knights of Malta under La Valette, those of Rhodes under D'Aubusson and Villiers de l'Isle Adam, ever kept the dream in their hearts and fought for it with their prayers and their swords. The dream has been more than realized. Constantinople would be a fair prize at any time, at any cost, but the city on the Bosphorus cannot be as dear to the Christian as the City of Sion, the City of David and the Promised King of whom he sang.

The sound of marching Christian hosts in the Holy City has awakened the echoes of other hosts who fought and bled for that incomparable prize. From its heights Melchisedech went out to greet Abraham after his victory over Chodolahomor and brought forth bread and wine, image and type of the Great Sacrifice to be instituted in coming ages by another Prince of Peace and King of Salem. For those heights in his warrior manhood David fought the Jebusites and wrested from them at last the Castle of Sion. On Moria, their eastern crest, Solomon built the noblest temple ever raised to the worship of the True God, "rising like an exhalation" from the ground, in whose courts the sound of the builder's ax or hammer was never heard. In the days of its splendor, here it was that the wisest of kings, as he contemplated the domes of that queenly city, its gardens and water-pools, its orchards of palm and olive, and surveyed the hosts of his marching men, and heard the voices of his singing women and thought of all that glory and beauty and power, and of the works which his hands had wrought, saw that all things were vanity and vexation of mind and that nothing was lasting under the sun. Before

its bastions the ten-thousand tents of the Assyrian Sennacherib were pitched, but the Angel of the Lord passed in the night and the legions of the invader perished. From its palaces and homes Nebuchodonosor carried off into captivity the king's mother and the king's wives and every artificer and every smith to grace his triumph in Babylon. For the possession of those hills and to hold in their hands that priceless jewel, Egyptian and Roman and Assyrian and Christian and Moslem and Bedouin have fought for centuries. Its very courts to-day seem to be ringing with the war-shouts of the Machabees, of Judas and His brethren as they smite their Syrian foes, or with their wail of sorrow over the ruins of the Temple and the desecration of the Altar tor which they were willing to die. In its streets Saracen emirs and Arab sheiks have been locked in deadly combat with the Knights of old who came to redeem the Sepulcher of their Lord. Under the very arches, where the riflemen of Allenby have passed in all the panoply of war, Godfrey de Bouillon, barefooted and bareheaded went to the Holy Tomb and, when proclaimed King by his victorious hosts refused to wear a diadem of gold where his Master had worn a crown of thorns. For the love of that Temple which crowned its heights, even though its glory had departed, a whole people endured one of the most terrible sieges in history and when the legions of Titus had at last broken and beaten their frenzied resistance, 600,000 Jews had laid down their lives. More than this. So beautiful was that City, so loved by the Son of David, that true King of whom other monarchs were but a feeble image, that as He gazed on all its loveliness and grace and thought of its coming ruin and heard already the echoing tread of the advancing Roman legions, He wept over its impending doom. For the Christian that City is the most hallowed and sacred spot of all the world. It is the City of the Great King. In its streets He walked in the Flesh. As a Child He taught the doctors in the Temple and there His Mother found Him. Under its gateways He entered in triumph. Up the *Via Dolorosa* he went to His death. On that hill He died to redeem the world. In that rocky Tomb He was laid to rest. And because those sacred and loved scenes have been wrung from the hand of the Moslem, the Christian world rejoices today. On the eve almost of Christmas the Holy Places, the Lord's own Christmas gifts return to their rightful owners. If in the conquest of Jerusalem the belligerents of one party gain a great advantage, that success dwindles into insignificance before the larger victory of the triumph of the Cross. The khaki-clad Crusaders of the twentieth century have done what Richard of England and Louis of France dreamt of in vain, what brave Godfrey and Baldwin of Edessa and Amaury, and Guy de Lusignan in their precarious tenure of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem accomplished for a few short years only. Through the Crusaders of the twentieth century though undoubtedly thousands knew it not, the King has come back to

His own. Wherever throughout the world there is a head that still bows at His Sacred Name and a heart that worships Him, the prayer and the resolve will be

uttered that in the City which He loved and for which He died, the Saviour and the Redeemer of the world shall be undisputed Lord and King.

Suffrage and Woman's Responsibility

JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

IT is of the greatest and most urgent importance that the Catholic women of New York, and all other women who believe in the integrity of the family and in the maintenance of Christian social principles and institutions, should realize immediately that political enfranchisement has put upon them a very serious responsibility. The power to vote is not a personal prerogative that one is morally free to use or not to use. It is a personal privilege granted for a social purpose, and carrying with it social and civic obligations. If the women who cling to right social doctrines fail to vote in as large proportions as the feminine adherents of extreme theories, they will be as certainly and as definitely to blame for the resulting injury to the home and to right social order as though they had openly preached the doctrines they abhor. In order that they may exercise the franchise intelligently, in order that they may be able to distinguish between good and bad political policies, they will obviously be compelled to study consistently social and political questions and conditions. Undoubtedly this will be the most irksome feature of their responsibilities as voting citizens.

Many Catholic and other conservative women of New York State will accept this conclusion with great reluctance. They will insist that they had not desired this privilege and this responsibility. They will complain that the men voters acted unfairly by imposing the franchise upon them in order to please a small but active minority of the women of the State. Undoubtedly it would have been better to permit the majority of the women themselves to decide the question of suffrage. The refusal of the leaders of the movement to seek or consent to such a decision, showed not only a lack of faith in the political sense of their sisters, but a want of regard for the methods and principles of democracy. Had the extension of the franchise been left to the determination of the masses of the women, they probably would have refused the privilege at first; but the field would then have been open for a direct campaign of political education among those who most needed it, the women themselves. By the time that the majority of them were convinced and ready to accept the franchise, they would have a much better conception of its importance, power and responsibility than they have as the result of an appeal which was primarily addressed to males.

All these complaints and all these speculations on "what might have been" are now worse than futile. The outstanding fact is that the women of New York have

been empowered to vote; that if they wish to be good citizens they must inform themselves concerning public and political questions and conditions, and that the Catholic women may not conscientiously shirk their new obligations.

Some twenty-three years ago the writer defended in a classroom essay the proposition that female suffrage had become reasonable and expedient, on account of the large number of women that are otherwise occupied than in the home. Time and observation have strengthened him in that opinion. That woman's true and permanent place is the home, and that her duties as homemaker are so engrossing and so remote from political problems as to make her much less apt than man to acquire political knowledge or capacity, are propositions that will always be true of the wives, mothers and daughters whose time is devoted to domestic occupations. With a reasonable amount of effort they can, however, learn enough about the more concrete political and civic matters to provide the basis for a fairly intelligent exercise of the voting privilege. They can make themselves fairly well acquainted with those public problems, situations and projects which affect the home and morals. And their instincts in this province are sounder than the instincts of men. As regards the more abstract political issues, they will probably vote in the same way as their husbands, fathers and brothers, thus doing neither more good nor harm to the public weal than the latter.

On the other hand, the millions of women who have gone for longer or shorter periods, into professional, industrial or commercial occupations will have the same interest in the politics of domestic and moral questions as their sisters of the household, and in addition will be immediately and vitally concerned with those political proposals which affect their own gainful occupations. The conditions surrounding and affecting women who work for wages are far from satisfactory. For the majority, neither the remuneration, the hours of labor nor the sanitation and safety are up to the standard required by decency, humanity and Christianity. Most of the measures necessary to remove these abuses will have to come through legislation. Owing to their intimate and practical connection with these problems, wage-earning women are in a position to understand most of them, quite as well as men, and some of them very much better. After all, one of the fundamental justifications of democracy is the fact that the members of every social or industrial class

understand certain of their own needs better than do the members of any other class. The principle is strikingly true of wage-earning women.

While writing the concluding paragraphs of this paper, I received a letter from a talented and active Catholic woman who declares that educated Catholic women are doing splendid work in purely charitable fields, but have taken little or no interest in civic and social reforms. This thought reinforces and makes more concrete what I wanted to say by way of conclusion. I have already pointed out the responsibility that rests upon the Catholic women of New York State to use their votes against Socialism, feminism, and all other forms of extreme radicalism. But if their political interest and activity do not go beyond this purely negative policy they will prove themselves no better citizens, and from the viewpoint of civic opportunity, no better Catholics than their coreligionists of the male sex. It is unfortunately still a commonplace that the majority of our Catholic men have restricted their beneficent activity in civic and social movements to the task of combating wrong views and measures. In the main they have done little or nothing for constructive reforms. The Catholic women of New York State have a splendid opportunity to put the men to shame. May they realize this opportunity by taking the trouble to find out the social, civic and industrial evils that ought to be removed, and to support and vote for positive measures of betterment. Once they seriously adopt this resolution, they will find the practical ways and means ready at hand.

The Eternal Whence?

DANIEL A. LORD, S. J.

INTELLECTUAL life is a history profusely punctuated with question marks. When a child lifts a puzzled face to his father and propounds his first why, intellectual life for him has really begun. And as long as a man continues to use the rising vocal inflection and besprinkle his conversation and his thoughts with a liberal scattering of interrogation points, no matter what his years or his infirmities, he is still very much intellectually alive. For thought would almost cease were it not for the question mark. Now, like an automatic, it is leveled at nature forcing her to yield up her most jealously guarded secrets. Now, like a steam shovel, it digs deep into the foundations of things, giving us philosophy. Now, like a lever, it dares to pry up a little corner of that curtain which shuts off mortal vision from what may lie beyond. The question mark is the spark plug in our intellectual motor, the condiment in our mental cuisine.

It is an historical fact that just this ubiquitous question mark following on a monosyllable "whence" has driven every race of men to acknowledge a Being they call supreme. The least civilized races have had intel-

lectual life sufficient to formulate that inevitable whence with its inevitable answer; while the more civilized peoples have answered their question with the temples of Karnac and Olympus and the Capitoline and Jerusalem, with the cathedrals of Reims and Canterbury and Cologne. All men, as they looked out over this tremendous world have asked whence, and the only satisfactory answer has been: From a supreme Being beyond and above this world who made it and rules it. The name men gave that Being is aside from the question. It is His existence that alone solves the riddle hidden in that whence.

The fact that a vast majority of all men in all times have been forced to bend their intellects before a supreme Deity is in itself a most powerful argument for the existence of such a Being. For only the intellectual waster flings to the winds the cherished convictions which have satisfied the minds and consoled the hearts of the world's greatest geniuses. But my argument is taken from the nature of the world as it exists about us. For the rational mind, even when untouched by the light of faith, cannot fail to see in the world a clear reflection of some power above and beyond it. The world is the handglass of the Deity.

There seems to have been a time in history when men believed that they had exhausted the possibilities of science. Every savant possessed encyclopedic knowledge. He had memorized the information or misinformation which previous ages had committed to writing, and there was simply nothing more to be said on the subject. A man might be at the same time an accomplished physicist and metaphysicist, a mathematician and astronomer, an alchemist and botanist, confident the while that he knew quite all the world had to teach him in each branch of knowledge.

But in that respect at least, the world has grown very modest. Men used to study the universe; now they specialize on a ray of light. A tiny fragment of one of the great branches of science is now enough to absorb the exhausting and exhaustive study of a lifetime, for man through his microscope and telescope has begun to realize the tremendous and undreamed-of complexity and magnitude of the universe.

To the ancient Assyrian watching the stars from the temple roof, the universe seemed gigantic; but to the modern astronomer, it is just this side of infinite. Yet quietly and undisturbed, these gigantic masses, sun, planets, whole solar systems, swing through their measureless cycles, clicking off the days and the centuries and the aeons with a precision which the most accurate chronometer pitifully imitates; and on our own little planet, season follows season, each with its myriad mysteries, lawbound, definite in its purpose.

Only the professional pessimist denies the order of the universe. Of course no sane philosopher or scientist claims for the world an absolute perfection; in fact, all emphatically deny it. It is, consequently, possible for

fanatics like Haeckel, by focusing their microscopes on the imperfections of some deformed sea-urchin and deliberately shutting their eyes to the unfathomed perfections of the solar system or the human organism, to fling sarcastic jibes at the world's order. As well say there is no beauty in Angelo's "Last Judgment" because in places the wall has cracked.

Admitting even the many defects and admitting, too, that science has yet to learn the purpose of many seemingly useless things, one can go through life sublimely convinced that no stray planet will crash into our world, that crop will follow crop, and living things will be born in pursuance of some definite scheme. As a matter of fact, order is so universal that from crystals and cocci to mountains and mastodons we have the bases of systematic sciences, each with fixed laws, each bound up with two unquestionable facts, matter and force. Whence, then, the world's order? Three solutions suggest themselves: it comes either from chance, from the essential nature of matter and force, or from some directive intelligence.

Listen, I prithee, to a fairy tale. Once upon a time, a certain humorous giant decided to build something, he did not much care what. So up to the top of the mountain he lugged vast quantities of mortar and stone and iron and wood and nuts and bolts and wheels and springs and water and gasoline and fire. Then he sat him down and upon the plain below he playfully tossed great handfuls of his materials. A truly humorous giant this! At last he exhausted his supply, and then into the valley he strode, where, wonderful to relate, he found his mortar and stone and iron and wood had formed themselves into a wonderful city with fair streets and stately buildings, with bridges and car lines; while the gasoline was running the engines which had been formed of his nuts and bolts and wheels and springs; and over the fire water was boiling in preparation for his tea. That is a real fairy tale, and, curious reader, you must not ask where he got the mortar and stone and iron and wood and nuts and bolts and wheels and springs and water and gasoline and fire.

The ancient rhetoricians demanded that an allegory be clear as crystal; I am trusting that mine would not have made any of them shudder. In any case, chance as an explanation of the universe makes the cosmology of a headhunter seem scientifically adequate. Originally everything was chaos; then, just by accident, stars began to form, and planets to revolve, and grass to grow, and birds to fly; until, by a final and crowning accident man was formed and began to think. That is nonsense unworthy of a serious man. Chance does not explain how order once entered the universe, and it is simply incapable of accounting for the still more remarkable fact that for ages and ages order has continued to reign.

Matter and force have during the last century been used as twin levers in an attempt to lift the Creator out of the universe. According to the theophobic scientists matter and force are eternal. By their essential, neces-

sary nature they have been working together until they have given us the universe as it is today. Together they made the universe with its wonderful order which regulates our watches and inspires our poetry. And they have been everlastingly at it. Simple, is it not?

The theory rather puts to blush our old adage that practice makes perfect. Matter and force in this staggering postulate have been eternally, that is, without any beginning, working toward perfection. And yet, after an eternity of practice they have not reached anything like absolute perfection. In an unlimited amount of duration they have achieved a very limited amount of perfection, though they should have reached absolute perfection ages ago. On the contrary, the present imperfection of the universe indicates with absolute certainty that matter and force began to evolve the universe at some definite time. Put it as far back as you like; none the less the eternal duration of matter and force falls with an appalling thud.

Yet for all that they have only been working for a limited time, they really have put a marvelously intricate order into the universe. The question, then, which naturally arises is: did they, when they set out to evolve the universe, know what they were doing, or did they act without knowledge?

To suppose that this order was introduced without any knowledge of what was being done is as ridiculous as an appeal to chance. Let's suppose that when the last exquisite building had been added to the Acropolis of Athens, some one had rushed up and clasped the architect's hand. "It is almost divine!" he cried. The architect then stood back and looked at the buildings which have been the despair of all subsequent builders. "It is marvelous," he remarked; "and do you know, all the time we were working on them, no one in this world knew what they were going eventually to be?" Matter and force, according to this second alternative, have been working diligently until they have accomplished the present order of the universe, though all the while no one in this world had any idea what their labor was all about. An intelligent child would turn up a contemptuous nose at such nonsense.

And even to the scientist who does not want God, the idea is so absurd that we are gravely informed that matter and force are really acting intelligently all the while. So electricity and rocks and fire and the falling seed and hydrogen and the star nebula really think. The tiny atoms of oxygen and iron and cobalt, the forces of gravity and affinity and centrifugal motion set out with a definite plan in their non-existent heads, and white men, hitherto supposed to have the intellects par-excellence, were vainly trying to discover how it was all coming about, these factors actually mapped out the universe and made it according to the plan.

The "Arabian Nights" with its thinking horses and talking birds has nothing comparable to this. Matter thinks; force plans. How proud a bit of gold must be when it finds itself made into a magnificent watch; and

how delighted the explosive power of gasoline must be when it is driving an imported limousine.

Perhaps my paper on idealism sounded absurd, but as a matter of fact what really lies back of this "thinking matter" is a denial of all matter. Many of the scientists who talk of thinking matter mean that matter really does not exist. Only thought exists; thought evolves itself into appearances which we call matter. Fortunately we don't have to waste more mental labor on that precious philosophical legerdemain.

The order of the universe is a fact as unquestionable as mother love, or the multiplication tables, or an aching tooth. Chance could not have produced it, nor could matter and force if left to themselves. We have only one remaining alternative, a directive intelligence. Here at length is common-sense. If the order displayed in a clock or a mouse-trap or a torpedo or a linotype could not come into existence without some one to plan it down to the most minute details, it is perfectly ludicrous to talk of the order of the universe, so complex, so constant in its manifestations, unless there is implicitly admitted an intelligence which conceived it and directed it in accordance with a definite plan.

And if the human mind is still struggling to understand the order of the universe, what must we think of the tremendous intellect which introduced this order where otherwise chaos would reign? Men may differ in the names they apply to this intellect, but they cannot but stand in awe before its gigantic proportions. And though as yet I have not proved its personal character, I shall feel justified when, in these essays in armchair philosophy, the words again occur, in spelling Directive Intelligence with capital letters.

The Patron of the Destroyer Jacob Jones

THOMAS F. MEEHAN

THE sinking of the destroyer Jacob Jones, on December 6, recalls some interesting Catholic history in connection with the distinguished officer of the old navy, after whom the vessel was named. Commodore Jacob Jones was the father of Sister "Stanny" Jones, who, from 1825 to 1879, was one of the most famous educators at the Academy of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., the oldest Catholic institution for the higher education of women in the United States and the alma mater of so many prominent women from all sections of the country. She was a convert brought into the Church by Father Benedict J. Fenwick, S.J., during his stay in New York as assistant and pastor at St. Peter's and St. Patrick's churches.

Commodore Jones, who was a native of Delaware, entered the navy in 1799 as a midshipman and served for some time under Commodore John Barry, on the frigate *United States*. In 1803, he was on the *Philadelphia* as a lieutenant under Captain Bainbridge, when that frigate was captured by the Barbary pirates while aground off the coast of Tripoli. He remained a captive for twenty months. When released Jones returned home to share with Bainbridge, Decatur and Hull the admiration and rewards that a grateful country heaped on them. While on his way to New York from the Southern port at which he landed, his

happy homecoming was saddened by the news that his wife had died, leaving a daughter, Wilhelmina, four years old, and a son two years younger. These children Lieutenant Jones confided to the care of their aunt, a Mrs. Swartout, in New York, and sailed away on his next naval assignments.

When Wilhelmina Jones was eleven years of age she was sent as a pupil to the French boarding school of Madame Binsse, then one of New York's most popular and successful "finishing schools." She remained there until she was sixteen, scoring a fine record in her classes for all the polite accomplishments then considered requisite for a well-educated young woman. It is hardly necessary to remind those conversant with old New York that the Binsse family were Catholics, and Miss Jones was specially impressed by the beauty of their religion and attracted by its practices. It was in this way she met Father Benedict Fenwick, and through his interest and instruction she was received into the Church two years later.

This step greatly incensed her father, who at once sent her to live with some Protestant Episcopal relatives on Chesapeake Bay's Eastern Shore, where she would be withdrawn from all Catholic influences. Here every argument that could be brought to bear on her was used to make her recant and return to the Episcopal sect. There was seeming success, to her father's delight. He had married again, and having been appointed a naval commissioner, he established his residence at Georgetown, D. C., in 1822, and took Wilhelmina and her brother to live with him at this Washington suburb.

At Georgetown she met her old New York friend, Father Benedict Fenwick, S.J., then rector of the well-known college. At once she became enthusiastic over the idea that she ought to convince him also of those errors of "popery" from which her obliging relatives had rescued her. The priest and the young woman had a number of discussions on doctrinal points, in which Mother Agnes Brent of the Visitation Convent joined, but Wilhelmina appeared to make no headway against her adversaries. In fact, it ended by her own tearful reconciliation to the Church. As her father was a man of very violent temper he was not immediately notified of this reconversion and only learned of it during the Lent of 1825. One morning, missing Wilhelmina from the breakfast table, he asked her step-mother where she was. The latter answered that she "had gone after that Mr. Fenwick to the Catholic church."

When Wilhelmina returned she was asked if this were true, and the admission being made her father flew into a terrible rage and shouted: "Don't you know you are doing this in spite of my commands? I won't have even a Catholic servant under my roof. If you will be a Catholic, quit my house. Let me never see you again."

Wilhelmina put on her wraps and left the house, never to return. By advice of her friend, Father Fenwick, she found shelter at the home of a Mrs. King, mother of one of the Visitation Sisters and remained there until she was herself received into the convent as a novice, on March 18, 1825. When her father learned that she had entered the convent, he hastened there and made the most piteous appeal to her to return home to be the comfort of his old age. Wilhelmina was almost persuaded, but finally refused. Soon after this Georgetown was all agog with the rumor that the ghost of Wilhelmina's dead mother could be seen every night wandering disconsolately around the convent, wailing and beseeching the young Sister to return to her father. Great crowds of howling fanatics gathered at the institution nightly, waiting for the obliging and shrouded apparition to stalk about, meanwhile upbraiding the discomforted novice for deserting her father and disturbing the eternal rest of her mother. They would shout in chorus under the windows: "Wilhelmina Jones, come out! Wilhelmina Jones come out! Come out! Come out!" So intolerable did this nuisance become that a body of Catholics had to assemble at

the convent and, with force, disperse the gaping crowds, after capturing the spectral attraction, which turned out to be a practical joker in the conventional winding-sheet.

Wilhelmina Jones received the veil and the name of Sister Mary Stanislaus, on August 15, 1825. She died in the community, where she was affectionately known as "Sister Stanny," on September 11, 1879, in her seventy-eighth year, and the fifty-third of her profession. In the Mss. annals of the convent there is this tribute to her character:

In the convent a model of exactitude and fervor; at the academy devoting her mind, with its rich and varied store of treasures, her brilliant talents and accomplishments, to the high mission which led her onward and upward. While she cultivated the minds and developed the talents of her pupils, she attracted their hearts to God; and numbers have testified to her holy influence both during their school-days and in after life, by their virtuous example, as well as by the faithful and loving correspondence they always entertained with their dear teacher.

At the Academy, Sister "Stanny" devoted herself chiefly, and with great ability to conducting the musical departments and the classes in the modern languages. Her father did not become reconciled to her entrance into the convent until 1837. It was then discovered that she was suffering from a cancer, and that an operation to remove it was necessary. For this purpose she was taken to Baltimore, where her father was then living, and he insisted on paying all the expenses incident to the operation. It was a success. When Sister "Stanny" recovered, the old Commodore asked Archbishop Whitfield to give her permission to dine at his house before returning to her Georgetown cloister. The Archbishop consented and accepted an invitation also, for himself, to the dinner, which ended in the complete reconciliation of father and daughter. Sister "Stanny" stormed Heaven with petitions for her father's conversion, but that happiness was not granted her. Her brother, who was a lieutenant in the navy, however, received the grace of faith and his son was ordained a priest. Her cousin, John Swartout, also became a Catholic. Both he and her brother were students at Georgetown College.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six-hundred words.

Cleansing New York's Theaters

To the Editor of AMERICA:

By this letter I wish to reach those who still think it worth while to keep modesty a virtue in the land, who are still old-fashioned enough to prize maidenly reserve and chastity, who believe that manly continence should be cultivated, who revere the sacredness of Christian marriage, and who are determined to restore vigor to our already tottering public morality by checking as far as possible those forces in the theatrical world that are doing their best today to destroy all personal purity, both in the home and in the nation. Without question the people have a right to be left spiritually clean and to come away unsplashed by stage-filth when they go for amusement to places licensed to offer them entertainment. Unfortunately this right hardly seems to be recognized in New York.

But we have talked enough and heard enough about the evil of the hour and now has come the time for some concerted and effectual action to banish the pest. It is small consolation to be told that nowhere in the world is the Church freer and more honored than it is in New York, while we see its influence so openly despised and so often nullified by the debased stage of today. In the movement against this evil all should join: both public officials and private citizens, priests and laymen, fathers, mothers and little children. According to press reports, our District Attorney has begun a genuine drive against the improper shows of our city which sets the pace and standard for

all the other great amusement centers throughout the country. So true is this that as the saying is: "Whatever 'gets by' in New York will 'get by' in other big places, and whatever can't run in New York can't be tried elsewhere."

Mr. Swann can be sure that the larger, saner and better portion of the people are with him in his crusade against the nastiness of the film and against the stage nudity for nudity's sake that is parading as "art." Perhaps the law of the land can expel the debauchery in entertainments that not even the dripping sword of war suspended over America's head can chasten, but which under various *camouflages* of virtue, and even under that of holy patriotism, is now filling the public mind, and too often our soldiers' and sailors' hearts with lewdness, and is sending them out to live or even to die with souls defiled by violations of the Sixth or at least of the Ninth Commandment. The agents of Venus that dramatize the seven capital sins to make money out of the wreck of human souls, and the aphrodisiac harpies that enact these so-called dramas, must be branded and punished according to their deserts.

And if they are not, whom will God judge, whom will He hold responsible for the persistence of the debauching plays, "movies" and dances on the modern American stage? Who are the guilty ones? There is no doubt about the authors, producers, managers, actors and actresses who pander to what is merely animal in man, and who in their performances stir him to think uncleanness, talk of it, and finally carry it by impure deeds into his own life and that of others contaminated by his presence. God will certainly enter into judgment against these direct agents of moral ruin. But what about those who, though not the promoters or agents of these libidinous spectacles, are yet bound by their office and calling to keep such pestilences from reaching the unfortunate and heedless masses but fail in their duty to check the evil they are sworn to prevent or ordained to fight? Who are the guardians of public and private morality? They are certainly the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in the land, supreme in their proper spheres, but ordained to cooperate in maintaining the moral life of the nation by safeguarding as far as possible the moral life of each individual in it. I know it may seem like straining the point a little to make the clergy as well as city officials accountable to God for the repression of what we have called the amusement evil. But to combat this evil is really the work of religion as well as of good government, and religion is the domain of the clergy and the field for their bounden activity. Of course the regulation of the public stage, like the conduct of the public market, belongs primarily to the men elected or appointed and paid to protect public interests.

True to the principles of his Catholic Faith, the Mayor of Boston, within the last year, has done something to purge the city theaters and to keep them from becoming Augean stables of moral filth, and the Providence, R. I., authorities have been prompt to imitate him and to insist on the observance of the invaluable ordinances of his Honor in the Bay State, even going so far, I am told, as to have his rules and regulations for decency printed and hung up in the foyers of playhouses. And from what we have heard of the attitude of our incoming Mayor towards vice suppression, we are confident that under his administration everything that human wisdom and prudence can suggest will be done to stamp out the stage evils that have been so long and so vainly deplored instead of being strangled before they were allowed to work the havoc already noticed on all sides, and particularly in the rising generation in our land. Thank God, there is comfort at last over the prospect ahead; and especially for mothers of Christian faith and purity, who have watched and prayed against the conditions in the up-to-date world of amusements that outrival even the abominations permitted in the days of decadent Pagan Rome.

New York.

W. J. STANTON, S.J.

Catholic Clubs in State Institutions

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following letter may be of interest to AMERICA's readers inasmuch as it illustrates an attitude toward Catholic clubs in State institutions of learning. If we had more Catholic clubs in these institutions it would help vastly in clearing up much of the misunderstanding and party obsession so prevalent in State halls of education, where one little crowd is apt to put things to suit itself. The incident which gave rise to the subjoined letters was the country-wide drive of the Y. M. C. A., operating in State colleges. The Newman Club of a certain college promptly took up its side of the work in conjunction with the K. of C., whose war-work has been placed by the United States Government on the same basis with that of the Y. M. C. A. Exception being taken by a Y. M. C. A. chairman, Professor Sayles, to the activities of the Newman Club, on the ground that they were not working for the specific purpose then occupying the Y. M. C. A. students' attention, the following letter was sent by the Director of the Newman Club:

November 3, 1917.

Professor John M. Sayles,
State College for Teachers,
Albany, N. Y.

Dear Professor Sayles:

Our conversation over the 'phone today anent the respective activities of the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C. did a lot of good, I dare say, inasmuch as it brought out our enthusiasm for the great cause. What is most important is that we cwork in a friendly spirit, since everything goes toward the same ultimate end, namely, the help of the needy and more especially our own needy whether they be in a trench, in a hospital or in a prison-camp. I think the surface difficulty lies in the intensity of our feelings, also there may be a touch of party-spirit to it. This, I take it, is admirable and praiseworthy even though we may get hot over it. Personally, I have no use for a slacker in enthusiasm or in action; therefore, when we drive right ahead and push the cause from our own angle, it seems to me rather admirable, and you have no more right to object than I should in the event of your initiative, even though you were first in the field.

If then, the Newman Club hustles on its own side, it is far from doing any injustice to the activities of the Y. M. C. A. It is plunging itself into the same cause from its own angle since the cause is one with ours ultimately. That the specific activities for the nonce are different doesn't materially affect the situation. All our activities are for relief; therefore, they should not conflict and there is no reason why the agents should not cwork each in his own sphere. The Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C. have collaborated magnificently up to this. There is no reason why they should not continue to do so. The school and college are just as much open to their respective activities as the market-place and the business house, the church and the chapel. More still, our determination is all the better when it is intensified to the end of doing our level best in keen rivalry. That only helps, it does not hinder. There is no "spilling the beans," but there is a fine scramble for more beans, and if your group and our group are scrambling at the same time then it is a good thing. The harder we strive the more beans we get and the best of it all is that the net results go into the same pot, even though they are thrown in from different sides. The greater the receipts the greater the help; the sharper the rivalry, the better the results. Surely you cannot object on grounds of justice and breadth to such a rivalry. If the phase of your activity appeals overwhelmingly to you, very good! I applaud. Honesty of intent demands that you do the same with regard to me when I take off my coat and vest and dive right into my side of the job with an equal enthusiasm; and let me say here, he would be a hardy umpire who would dare make a decision as to the more excellent of the activities, seeing that they make for the self-same end, although we act in different phases. The beauty of it all is that we are both out to secure help, relief and encouragement.

This is no time to quarrel about methods or special application. The United States Government has placed the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C. on the same basis in this war-work and has urged them to go ahead and do their level

best. They have done beautifully together in good-natured rivalry working like nailers for their own side. Far be it from you or from me to change emulation into antagonism or to try and crowd out another competitor in a legitimate field. The greater the number in the field the more work will be done, since the aims and activities of every group can be best directed at its own enterprise. If the K. of C. workers stood by in the Teachers' College or anywhere else and let the Y. M. C. A. workers monopolize the whole ground while they did not strike right into the work with their equipment and dig up as much as possible, plainly they would be derelict in their duty.

Furthermore, no one has a right to prevent them from operating in their own camp. Any plea of specializing in the work, strong though its appeal may be in its place, has no right to prevent further initiative even in the same school. Any attempts to crush such initiative would be as dishonest as it would be unpatriotic. I cannot conceive of reasons that could be urged against this position which is utterly unassailable. Rivalry we want, not conflict, since conflict would materially hinder the greatness of the achievement in the common cause.

Frankly, I don't dream that you could see it in any other light after you have thought it over and considered the legitimate claims of both sides. That you show so much enthusiasm and intensity about it is all to your credit. Is it not the same on my side? That's just where the matter stands, and as Mr. Dooley says, "There y' are." Therefore, with good-will and kindly feeling let us "go to it."

Trusting to have the pleasure of meeting you, I remain.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) JOSEPH A. DUNNEY.

Later the following answer was received from the Director of the Student Friendship Fund:

New York State College for Teachers,
November 5, 1917.

Reverend Joseph A. Dunney,
454 Western Avenue,
Albany, N. Y.

Dear Father Dunney:

Your kind favor of the 3rd has been read with great interest. As appointed chairman of the Student Friendship Fund in this college, however, I would be remiss in my duties if I failed to bring to all students regardless of faith, their splendid opportunity to do a big service by making the student gift here compatible with the importance of the college. On that ground I shall try to carry it "over the top."

Sincerely,
(Signed) JOHN M. SAYLES.

The answer, you will concede, is hazy and unclear; it betokens an unwillingness to face the whole truth, or, perhaps, a psychological inability to see beyond one's own cramped quarters. The thing to be noted is that this same mental capacity prevails in matters of religion no less than in affairs of common decency. The incident illustrates the necessity of vigorous initiative on our part even with those who, "blind as he who will not see," are in constant need of having situations clarified and issues faced for them. The Holy Father in his Encyclical, "Acerbo Nimis," April 15, 1906, wrote:

We decree and strictly command that in all the dioceses throughout the world where there are public academies, colleges and universities, religious doctrine classes be established for the purpose of teaching the truth of our Faith and the precepts of Christian morality to the youths who attend such public institutions wherein no mention is made of religion.

The sooner we Catholics wake up to the matter the better.

Albany, N. Y.
JOSEPH A. DUNNEY,
Inspector of Schools.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of December 8 I find an interesting and timely letter, signed "L. E.," under the above title, which, among other things, points out some essential differences between non-Catholic philanthropic organizations, conducted along

the lines of the modern "School of Philanthropy," with their "adequate relief," "full and complete records," "co-operation with confidential exchange" ideas and practices, etc., etc., and the Catholic charitable society which bears the name of the great Saint, St. Vincent de Paul, and which, being based on the charity of Jesus Christ, has no such prudent, harsh, business-like system.

It has come to my attention more than once in my life that refined, deserving persons, who, through misfortune, were in actual want, would deliberately, out of pride, prefer to suffer rather than resort to non-Catholic institutions of the modern "School of Philanthropy" type, with their full and complete record and careful scrutiny system, precisely because that system, in such institutions, existed and was in force.

I believe that the average really charitable man or woman would prefer to be imposed upon occasionally, or have part of his or her contributions to a truly charitable institution occasionally given to the undeserving, rather than have God's poor, many of whom are refined and most of whom are proud, suffer. Moreover, the little that may go to the unworthy through mistaken charity of Catholic charitable societies like that of St. Vincent de Paul, is more than made up by the fact that, except possibly for an occasional underpaid secretary, no salaries are paid to its members, who, relatively poor men, most of them, give their time to hunting out the poor, many of whom, and generally the most deserving, are too proud to let their wants be known; whereas, in these non-Catholic organizations, conducted on the modern plan of the "School of Philanthropy," with their "complete record," "prudent relief," "confidential exchange," etc., etc., system, the cost of their comfortable headquarters and the good salaries paid to their intelligent, inquiring, discriminating managers and clerks, more than make up, in cost, for any improvident or undeserving, intended Christian charity that the St. Vincent de Paul Society may distribute. The fact, if it be a fact, that some of these non-Catholic philanthropic institutions, through the generosity of patrons, have acquired endowment funds which insure the permanence of their plants and the salaries of employees only serves to bring out more clearly the contrast, in principle of operation, between them and the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The plan of St. Vincent de Paul, as I understand it, was designed to enlist, without remuneration, sacrifice, service and help for God's poor, and that plan seems best carried out, as it is carried out, by Conferences in the various parishes, usually made up of those who know the poor of their respective parishes and are inspired to serve them purely out of love for Him who was born in a stable.

I venture to say that, in one instance where the charity administered by St. Vincent de Paul Society gives to the undeserving, in fifty cases it gives where Christ and the founder of this truly noble society would have it go. By all means let us be reasonably prudent in giving to charity, but not too prudent.

It is very true, as "L. E." points out in his useful letter, that as a rule the members of the parish Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society are obscure, even poor men—obscure and poor from a worldly point of view—and that one seldom meets a Catholic-college graduate in the St. Vincent de Paul Society. As a rule, to which there are always glorious exceptions, it would seem that wealth and prominence in the world do not seem to tend toward true Christian charity, but rather towards worldly, prudently managed, popular, well-advertised organizations, of the "School of Philanthropy" type, in contributing to which one knows, *a priori*, not only that he will help keep up a "very respectable" establishment, but that the portion of his contribution which eventually reaches a poor person will get to one who is absolutely in need and who has first been carefully "investigated," "card-indexed," etc. All

too many of our prudent, "prominent," rich Catholics give to these non-Catholic organizations, conducted along the lines of the modern "School of Philanthropy," in preference to the less pretentious and less popular, because less advertised, Catholic charities. We have many modern instances of this. Witness the Y. M. C. A. "drive" as compared with the K. of C. appeal, in the matter of army recreation camps for our soldiers. Witness also two appeals in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of December 9, where a modest notice of twenty lines was given to the appeal for charity for the St. Louis St. Vincent de Paul Society, while with large headlines and more than three times that space there was a bold article for a non-Catholic philanthropic association, administered on the plan of the modern "School of Philanthropy," which is making a so-called "drive" to raise a fund of \$150,000.

I am proud to say that our St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Louis has, and has had for many years, as its President a Catholic-college graduate in the person of the Hon. Joseph L. Hornsby, who, first a Catholic and cultivated gentleman and then a man of honor and integrity and a lawyer of ability, has served his State and his country and is widely known and universally respected. Also that, in the Treasurer of our St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Louis, in the person of Mr. Louis Fusz, we have a gentleman who is universally recognized as one of our foremost and best citizens, a man who is highly respected by this entire community.

So that, after all, from the standpoint of serving the purpose for which the St. Vincent de Paul Society was organized, and also from the standpoint of first-class men being at the head of it, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, as it exists in my native city, is pretty well off; thank God!

What I have rather crudely and hastily said in this letter is not intended, in any sense, as a criticism of the letter of "L. E." On the contrary, I agree with what "L. E." says; but his letter has given me an opportunity to attempt to score some other points not, perhaps, contemplated by him; and his letter certainly has given me an opportunity to express my respect and admiration for the St. Vincent de Paul Society in general and for the St. Louis branch of the Society and its zealous, honorable and distinguished officers.

All charities are good, and where there is question of poverty and want the question should be, as it is, not what the one to be helped *believes*, but what does he *need*. On the other hand, as between charity as administered by the methods of the modern "School of Philanthropy" on the one hand and charity administered according to the plan of St. Vincent de Paul on the other, it seems to me that all true Catholics should contribute to the latter rather than to the former. At all events, these are my views and I hope always to live up to them.

St. Louis.

PAUL BAKEWELL.

Catholic Schools and Public Libraries

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The public library of the District of Columbia for some years has been desirous of supplying books to the Catholic schools of the District. Dr. George F. Bowerman, the Librarian, Miss Clara W. Herbert, Director of Children's Work, and Miss Louise P. Latimer, Supervisor of Work with Schools, have given much thought to the matter. Because of the lack of library branches a system of library work with public schools has been developed by which any teacher in the District can request that a set of books, one for each child in her classroom, be sent to her pupils for home reading. These sets, packed in locked boxes or baskets, consist of fiction, history, biography, travel, poetry, nature and handicraft books, all suitably graded. The service has been used increasingly by the public schools and several parochial schools have taken advantage of it.

Late in the spring of the present year two public-school teach-

ers, members of the Catholic Women's Literary Gild, came to the library to talk over this matter of fuller cooperation between the Catholic schools and the public library. The library welcomed heartily the suggestion but pointed out that the school-work would not reach its greatest usefulness in Catholic schools as long as Catholic educators might feel that some of the books contained matter contrary to their Church's teaching. So it was suggested by the library at this meeting that a committee of Catholic teachers be formed to review the books of the school-collection on the point of acceptableness to Catholic children. As it was near the end of the school-year a meeting was hastily called to interest in the work as many teachers as possible before vacations took them out of the city. Later an enthusiastic meeting was held, which about twenty-five Catholic Sisters and lay-teachers attended, the plan proposed was approved and the teachers generously volunteered their services. It was decided to review the books of the collection, each teacher making herself responsible for a certain number of volumes. The books, together with cards for registering the reviewer's opinions, were sent to the teachers by July 1. The cards read as follows:

CATHOLIC REVIEW COMMITTEE

Author
Title
Name of reviewer
O.K.
Not desirable
Reasons

In all, the Sisters in charge of seven Catholic schools and about thirty-five Catholic public-school teachers and librarians lent a hand to the work of reviewing, which was completed early in October, fifty-three books being rejected. Letters were sent to the Catholic grade-schools telling of the plan of the library, of the careful work of the committee and offering the use of the collection. Printed catalogues of the titles, to which additions are made once yearly, were sent to the schools, and a permanent committee has been formed to review these yearly additions. A list of all vetoed books has been made, and when sets are sent by the library to the Catholic schools none of the rejected volumes is included. It is hoped that the teachers and pupils of all the Catholic schools of the District will depend more and more on the library for both books supplementing their school-work and those for the children's optional reading.

Washington, D. C.

LOUISE P. LATIMER,

Supervisor, Library Work with Schools.

Educational Value of Art Lectures

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If there is one thing insisted on in truly Catholic education, it is broad culture. Witness the artistic beauty of the Church's appeal in her ceremonies, her liturgy, her buildings; the arts and sciences are brought into play to captivate to beauty and truth the senses and the intellect. Historians point out clearly the efforts made by successive popes to preserve the pagan works of art, so that these monuments to the greatness of humanity, more eloquent than written history, might not be lost to the ages. In the Church itself we have a heritage in art which, known rightly, places in our hands a powerful weapon against our calumniators, and weans us from the vulgar display which, under the name of art, disgraces even some Catholic homes. Amongst those outside the Fold there is a widespread admiration and appreciation of our artistic achievements. In New York we find displayed in antique shops, relics taken from dismantled churches, exquisite embroideries, statuary, paintings, which are bought at fabulous prices by the wealthy. Everywhere in America we see signs of the awakening of a desire for culture, real culture and a tacit acknowledgment of the Church as its source.

I have listened to soul-stirring and instructive talks given by a truly Catholic lecturer on Catholic art and I have wondered why such methods of imparting knowledge cannot be brought within the reach, not of a few, but of all our people, especially in these days when pictures and lectures are such potent and popular means of instruction. These methods of educating the populace are ours, our very own, Catholic to the core. We have inherited them from past ages, we used them when books were practically unknown, and in Catholic countries they still hold sway.

No one who is in touch with the times can fail to be cognizant of the impetuous longing of our people for knowledge. They are hungry, thirsty for it, and this appetite is fostered and fed by farseeing, devoted and tireless seekers after commercial advantage. We Catholics are a large percentage of these knowledge and culture-hungry people. If men seeking commercial values have such tremendous success—I use the adjective thinking and knowingly—in language courses, art courses, music courses, even courses in the classics, in their original tongues, placed before the people in popular form, made accessible and wonderfully agreeable, what could not be accomplished amongst us who are, as a whole, docile to the leadings of those whom we honor? To say that we do not want cultural subjects as recreation seems to me an insult to Catholic intelligence and a strong indictment against Catholic education. If some of us are so minded it is an imperative duty for those who possess the advantages of education and position to change our views and bring them back to Catholic standards.

We have the people, the power, the schools, the halls, the churches. We have men with psychological knowledge of human nature and we have college and university men, and yet we let our people crowd the halls of every dispenser of cultural knowledge, and fill their pockets with our money. And let it be said that our people do not give their money for nothing, for in return they acquire much that is well worth while as the result of the labor of these men who, with their whole hearts and energies and wills, go after what they want, create a desire in the people for what they have, put the object of this desire within easy reach, and so justly flourish. Can Catholics not do likewise with the great materials in their possession? In the matter of art can we not do for our popes, our theologians, our great artists what our popes have done for pagan art? Can we not make this subject of Christian art popular amongst our people? This subject, if properly presented, is a history of the wondrous part the Church has played in the civilization of the world. Cannot educated Catholics take up this great theme, which is so appreciated outside the Church and so falsely turned to our injury? Can we not use our means and our influence to pass down this knowledge in an easy form to the children in our schools and to our less favored brethren? We can awaken in them a thirst for cultural subjects, if they do not already possess it, by conversations in praise of these beautiful things, by having reminders of them in our homes, and in many other ways, even as a mother awakens the love of religion and higher things in the heart of her child.

If we cannot or if we will not do this, then must our people continue to seek the joys of knowledge from those commercial dispensers who so willingly spend themselves in striving to create "a market" for culture, and who make access to the heights so easy and so agreeable that men steal hours from their work-a-day lives to crowd their classrooms while real students of Catholic culture, like the very clever and entertaining Catholic scholar, art critic and lecturer, Mrs. Ellen Kirke Downs, are driven to cut from their subjects, points which dwell too plainly on the glorious work of the Spouse of Christ in order to adapt them to those who, though thirsty for culture, cannot abide its source?

New York.

ANDREW C. FULLERTON.

A M E R I C A

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1917

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Christmas Greetings

“GLORY to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.” Such was the burden of the Christmas hymn sung by the multitude of the celestial army over the hills of Bethlehem on the night that Christ was born; and with each recurring anniversary of the Nativity these words have reechoed through the world, cheering and thrilling the sad hearts of men. It is a consolation to know that the first part of their message is as perfectly fulfilled today as it was in the cold watches of the night when the shepherds first heard it; for Christ still lives, and His human nature, His life and His actions are still possessed of that surpassing, flawless perfection which reflects and praises the Divine perfection in the highest possible way consonant with the designs of the Creator. Today, as on the first Christmas morning, Christ renders to God “glory in the highest.”

Thanks to the goodness and kindness of God, our Saviour, the essential peace, which Christ came to give to men of good will, is also possible for all who wish to make it their own. No matter how the Gentiles may rage, no matter how shocking may be the apostasy of the nations and their rejection of the fruits of the Redemption, each individual soul may have, for the asking, reconciliation with God, Divine friendship, and the superabounding grace of Jesus Christ, which here on earth confers Divine sonship and hereafter, when it shall have become the light of glory, will unveil the splendors of the Beatific Vision.

This is the peace of which the angel hosts spoke at the lowly manger of the Christ-Child, and it is this greeting and wish that AMERICA conveys to all its readers, that they, as men of good will, may be given in overflowing measure that peace which does not depend on others over whose wills they have no control, but the priceless gift of peace with God, that peace which will

enable them to look unafraid on all the trials of the coming year, that peace which bids defiance to suffering and anguish, and is possible in spite of the fact that peace in the popular sense of the word is at present only faintly glimmering on the distant horizon. God's promises do not fail. Today no less than on other days in the Christian era, though we cannot be friends with nations that will not respect our rights, we can nevertheless be friends with God and the children of His love. Christ still says: “My peace I give unto you”; though he warns us that it is “not as the world giveth.”

Our “Free Press”

IN precise detail, the city of New York may not correspond to those imaginary municipalities which, from time to time, saints and scholars have held up as models to erring mortals. On the other hand, America's metropolis is not a City of the Dreadful Night, a place in which virtue is at a discount, and iniquity reigns unrebuked. New York owns to many faults, and has others unacknowledged; but events of public moment and of recent occurrence, prove beyond doubt that its citizens have at least one poor virtue. They will not sell their votes. Their peremptory refusal to bow to Mammon is probably the most encouraging sign of the vitality of democratic ideals in America, that has been vouchsafed for many a year. Similarly the eagerness of the “free press” of New York, with one or two honorable exceptions, to burn incense before that demon, is a melancholy indication that in New York, at least, a press really free is as extinct as the perissodactyla. And that way lies danger.

Publishers, and in public most editors, eagerly assert that the newspaper represents the “people”; for all practical purposes, they say, it is “the voice of the people.” There was a time, perhaps, when that claim might have been within shouting distance of the truth. It was always subject to a certain suspicion, arising from the fact that publishers, as a rule, were rarely philanthropists, or consecrated ministers of righteousness. They were business men, with at least one eye firmly fixed upon the cash-box. Thus “the champions of the people” were always free and untrammelled, that is, within reasonable limits, and subject to the revision of the advertising and subscription agents, without whose good offices, no newspaper could long subsist. Within recent years, the influence of the press for good has been lessened by the further suspicion of an influence, unduly exercised by moneyed foundations and corporations of great financial resources, whose interests were by no means always identical with the welfare of the community, and, at times, were furthered by cunning and insidious violations of the law of both State and nation.

In New York's recent municipal election, a fund of more than \$1,300,000, to which almost every great corporation in the vicinity contributed its quota, was expended in behalf of the defeated candidate. What influ-

ence these dollars had on the city's voters, is plain. Their influence on the press is not yet fully known, nor can it be known, until the District Attorney has completed his investigations. But it is openly charged, and has not been denied that "Many newspaper men at one and the same time were on the pay-roll of their newspapers and in receipt of daily or weekly stipends" paid from the funds used for the defeated candidate.

The injury to the public weal caused by such defections in a power which, rightly used, has a legitimate and even necessary place in American life, is apparent. Unless the legislatures of the respective States take immediate steps to place the practice in the category in which it belongs, bribery, the evil results of wholesale corruption, will flourish wherever newspapers that can be bought are to be found. The American press, by its own report a defender of the common people against the "interests," now needs protection from the common people from "the interests" that can buy it. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the political forces which, under plea of super-sanctity and reform, persecuted the Catholic charities, came to an end in a campaign which gives the legislature ample reason for the speedy passage of a Corrupt Practices act.

"I'm for the Friars"

IN "Diplomatic Days," Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy's recent book of reminiscences, she enthusiastically praises the work of the Church in Mexico, and gives the following reflections on what she beheld in the town of Texcoco:

A crumbling, picturesque monastery and inconceivably desolate, dusty seminary join the church where the friars used to teach. Oh, the poor friars! There is so little account taken of their ceaseless activities, of how they found a wilderness, dotted it with churches, schools and hospitals, stamped it with a seal of matchless beauty, brought it out of the worship of greedy gods, human sacrifices and abominations, counting no cost, and showed as best they might dim shapes of more benign powers. I can't see what all the hue and cry is about, all the revilings. We couldn't match the record. We have disfigured Mexico, wherever we have set our seal. Frankly, I'm for the friars.

The reason why the author of "Diplomatic Days" is frankly "for the friars" is because she has learned from reading history that their spiritual conquest of Mexico caused the substitution of civilization for barbarism, and of Christianity for idolatry. The friars' untiring labors brought about not only the religious regeneration of the country, but its material and social betterment as well. The Indians willingly flocked into the Church in vast numbers. The renowned Friar Motolina, for instance, is known to have baptized some 400,000 natives with his own hand, and within a few years after the Spaniards came the entire country had become Catholic. Under the Church's fostering patronage education and learning thrived and spread. The first printing press in the Western Hemisphere was set up in Mexico in 1536, and Dr. John Gilmary Shea gives a list of fifty books which were

published before 1614, twenty-four years prior to the date a press reached the English colonies. In 1524 a school for Indians opened its doors, by 1543 the natives were taking industrial courses there, and in 1553 the great University of Mexico was started.

As Mrs. O'Shaughnessy sadly owns, we cannot match that record. On the contrary "We have disfigured Mexico wherever we have set our seal." By giving official recognition to the persecuting Government that controls a portion of Mexico, the United States would seem to have tacitly condoned all the acts of pillage, rape, murder and sacrilege which have marked the rise to power of Carranza and his associates. Moreover, it was our unjustifiable interference in the affairs of Mexico that made possible the unspeakable abominations of Villa and Carranza. Without question, "We have disfigured Mexico wherever we have set our seal."

Christmas Optimism

ONCE upon a time, in the course of a lecture which a professor of astronomy was giving to the yokels of a Scotch village, he solemnly announced: "In seven-hundred million years, my friends, the sun will be a cold body like the moon. There will be no warmth on earth, no light, no life . . . nothing." Thereupon a chair was pushed back noisily at the back of the hall, a big farmer got up and asked in great agitation: "Excuse me, Mister, but hoo lang did ye say it would be till that happened?" "Seven-hundred million years, my friend." The farmer sank back into his chair with a great sigh of relief. "Thank Goad!" he gasped, "Aw thoct ye said seven million."

The comfort that grateful Scot derived from the news that the earth would last for 693,000,000 years longer than he had at first feared should be shared by some of those who are aging rapidly just now owing to the worry and anxiety they feel regarding the outcome of the present war and a thousand other unsolved problems that distress them. But vain fears should not be allowed to rob the Christmas season of its spirit of hope and optimism. The war, of course, will not last forever but will come to an end no doubt much sooner than we now expect. The fervent prayers offered through Our Lady's hands during the novena made by so many holy souls just prior to the Feast of the Immaculate Conception were by no means said in vain, but will all help to hasten the return of peace. According to the law of averages, most American mothers, it should be remembered, will welcome home their soldier-boys again, safe and sound. Our Government, too, will learn by experience how to solve best the many intricate problems of conservation and expenditure that this world-war has created, and the boundless resources of the country will be so well administered that the needs of the poor will be fully relieved and the prodigality of the rich wisely restrained. Just as the nations of Europe have been brought nearer to God by the scourge of war, in like manner the American peo-

ple who were in danger of yielding to the soul-weakening influences of a soft materialism, will now in all probability be so chastened and spiritualized by the privations they must bear, that God will find our hearts well disposed for receiving joyfully His Christmas message of good-will and peace. Without question his religion makes every Catholic an incurable optimist, for he knows that God always governs the world with a loving Father's hand, that absolutely nothing happens without God's permission, that He is wont to draw from passing evil permanent good, that He works from end to end sweetly and strongly and that everything will come out right at last.

Working under Difficulties

THE mail marked for the attention of AMERICA'S "complaint clerk" is rather large these days, and the senders of that mail chant the same threnody. Few of the complaints are captious. The writers have a just grievance, for the copy of AMERICA to which they were looking forward, has somehow failed to arrive. The unhappy clerk sighs like any lean and melancholy Cassio, but the editors rather rejoice in these compliments by complaint. No one complains of not getting things which he does not want. It is a bit difficult to imagine an indignant debtor writing because the monthly grocery bill had not been presented, or a flat-dweller grumbling because the landlord showed a positive disinclination to collect the rent.

A little forbearance is good always, and in these days most necessary. No blame can be attributed to the editors or publishers, for AMERICA has never been delayed in going to press, or failed in making connections with a mail-train. Your own postmaster can probably tell you of the many postoffices now working with a staff depleted by the departure of many for the army. In one large Eastern city not many months ago, the delivery system broke down completely, and went into a state of coma, caused by an unusually large mail, for nearly twenty-four hours. To make matters worse, the railways have been badly congested for months, a condition which does not seem the fault of the operators. If you will examine the date-stamp of the next letter which comes to you from a distance of 300 miles or more, you will see that the usual time-limit has been exceeded by a good many hours. A letter just received in New York was mailed in Louisville forty-four hours previously, although the ordinary running-time between these cities is liberally estimated at twenty-four hours.

But we are not making any complaints. Like Bret Harte's organist, the Post Office Department is probably doing its—well, let us say that the Department is making the fullest use of all the means now at its disposal. It is an excellent rule in life to believe that others are trying to do the best they can for us, and we are willing to extend that rule to our public carriers. If your copy of AMERICA does not arrive at the accustomed time, we

suggest that to wait a few days will probably save you a stamp and some stationery. Even the Post Office recognizes the old saw that all things come to those who wait.

Literary Executors' Crimes and Follies

THESE might do harm to others; let us destroy them," said Canon Sheehan not long before his death, as he threw into the open grate the manuscript of two volumes of memoirs he had written. That act of sacrifice, owing to the motive that prompted it, was without question among the noblest of the novelist's life. Though well aware, no doubt, of the literary excellence and interesting character of those memoirs, nevertheless he ruthlessly destroyed them because he feared that some of the truths in them would give pain or do an injury to persons still living. The Canon's course of action presents a refreshing contrast to that of many a man of letters facing a similar temptation. For almost every year there are brought out volumes of letters, or memoirs, containing matter which considerations of justice or charity should have kept from being published. A literary or public man, for example, commits to paper his cynical and unfair opinion of his contemporaries, then dies and leaves the manuscript to executors with directions to publish it. What he was afraid to do while living, he gets others to undertake after his demise, and that is the act of a coward. Then his scandal-mongering executors, throwing discretion to the winds, perhaps make "strictly confidential" letters public and let all the world read what the embittered author or publicist really thought of his friends and acquaintances.

There is another kind of literary executors, not so knavish as the preceding but quite as lacking in common-sense, and fully as deficient in editorial judgment. For no sooner is their "gifted author" thoroughly dead and quite powerless to defend himself, than they invade his literary workshop, and begin to rummage among his notes and papers in the hope of rescuing from hungry oblivion some deathless masterpiece. Though they probably find in the lamented author's desk nothing but a few commonplace tales, hum-drum verses, unfinished essays or half-finished novels which his own cultivated taste had kept him from publishing or completing, nevertheless these literary cormorants eagerly seize every scrap of his writing, and with scant editorial revision hurry off the manuscripts to the printer and soon have on sale several volumes of worthless fragments which the late author never intended should be published, as he fully realized that their appearance would deal a fatal blow to his reputation as a literary artist. So if all the living authors of our day are wise, they will courageously consign betimes to the open grate, as did Canon Sheehan, whatever manuscripts they have of which the publication would pain or injure others or would seriously impair their own literary reputation, for authors' executors often prove to be either knaves or fools.

Literature

THE CHRISTMAS MAGAZINES

NOT so many years ago the non-religious magazines seemed to engage every December in an entertaining rivalry to see which could bring out the most sumptuous and appropriate Christmas number. Fine reproductions of the old masters' Nativity paintings were common, sweet-faced Madonnas by modern artists abounded, while half the stories and practically all the poetry had to be unmistakably "Christmassy." But times, alas! have changed. For, judging by the contents of this month's magazines, the Christmas note is confined for the most part to their advertising pages. Merchants and manufacturers still have such a lively faith in the commercial value of Christmas that with striking pictures and arresting phrases they keep urging the readers of December magazines to buy "the gift that endures," "to give something useful this Christmas," to purchase "a gift worth while," to select "something new for Christmas," to choose "the ideal gift," or to secure "the gift that always pleases." Having thus caught his readers' attention, the advertiser then tells them, with as much self-restraint as an enthusiastic producer can command, why they should not neglect this exceptional opportunity of buying their friends the highly suitable present he suggests.

This year, however, in the majority of the secular magazines for December, the Christmas spirit, it must be said, is not permitted to steal very far beyond the advertising pages. *Good Housekeeping*, the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Scribner's Magazine* are the most notable exceptions to the rule. The first of the three actually has a Madonna and Child on its cover and within is a Christmas story of unusual excellence by Gertrude Brooke Hamilton entitled "The Sons of God." She tells how the cook of a *poste de secours* on the French firing-line celebrated Noel by making a little crib for the Christ-Child, and how all who beheld it were filled with kind and holy thoughts. Theodosia Garrison then has a poem called "A Prayer for Mothers of Men," in which she sings of Our Lady:

She saw the gleam of white starlight, she felt the rush of wings;
Through the little door, the humble door, came simple folk and kings;

And some knelt down with gifts and praise and some with tears
and prayers—

And suddenly the little Christ seemed less of hers than theirs.
and she ends with the prayer:

Now on this night when Mary felt the rapture and the dread,
O mothers of all wanderers may you be comforted
And feel again within your hearts the peace that Mother knew
Before her humble door stood wide to let the world come through.

God grant this night that Mary's Son bring back your sons
to you.

For the readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal* Catherine Van Dyke describes "My Last Christmas Eve in Paris." She goes to Mass at Notre Dame with her Catholic friends and sees "The Cardinal of France" officiating. Looking about her she observes

Some very old men and women cling one to another.
There are four, over there in the dark corner, kneeling
tightly together, before the Mother of Sorrows. Their
heads are bowed almost to the stone floor. They are all
very old. By their dress I tell they are Belgian refugees
who have nothing left to cling to but the Mother of Sorrows.
Sometimes an old woman drags her feet to a favorite niche and burns a candle with her solitary sou for
the son who, this night, cannot be with her.

Kate Douglas Wiggin then tells a "Rebecca" story about "The Quilt of Happiness that Came to Miss Roxy on Christmas Eve." There are a number of bright Yuletide pictures, including a Madonna and Child, and C. Courtenay Savage gives an account of "The 'Baby Special'" which the Sisters of Charity in charge of the New York Foundling Hospital send out twice a year.

Scribner's Christmas story is Temple Bailey's "The Red Candle," which tells how Santa Claus unexpectedly came to a tenement-house family. Theodora Bates Cogswell ends her verses to "The Little Trees" with the petition:

Teach me through turning Godward
From fear to find release,
And steadfast with sweet worship
To greet the Child of Peace.

and Charles W. Kennedy's "Christmas Prayer" has the stanza:

God send us store on Christmas Day
Of friends and health and mirth,
And bless us with that dream always
That blessed the world on Christmas Day
Good-will, and peace on earth.

In the *Century* the Christmas note is considerably thinner. It sounds faintly in Ruth Comfort Mitchell's amusing epistolary story of "The Glory Girl," changes to a minor key in Emory Pottle's "Christmas at Pont-a-Mousson," for he tells how the Germans shelled the place that day and killed his dear friend Captain Jennat, but rings out cheerfully in Grant Showerman's description of "A Country Christmas" which George Wright has faithfully illustrated with pictures in color.

In *Harper's*, however, the Christmas note almost peters out, being just saved by Margarita Spalding Gerry's "A Midwinter Night's Dream," the story of how gifts bought for the needy found their way to the home of a poor little rich girl. In the December *Atlantic Monthly* the Christmas note is quite inaudible. True to its chilling Unitarian traditions, that magazine seems to have succeeded in excluding from the pages of its reading matter the very mention of the word *Christmas*, and offers, perhaps as a substitute, James Harvey Robinson's dangerous and superficial paper on "The Threatened Eclipse of Free Speech" which ends with a paragraph as offensively alien to the Christmas spirit as this:

One may reach such a stage of intellectual emancipation that he exempts nothing from scrutiny; he perceives that the spheres in which mankind has made the most startling achievements in human coordination and effectiveness are those from which all notions of reverence, except for intelligence and success, have been eliminated. Only when that ancient savage term "sacred" disappears from our thought and speech, except as a reminder of outlived superstition, can we hope for a full and generous acknowledgment of the essential rôle of absolutely free discussion.

This December's *St. Nicholas*, however, is almost as Christmas-like as of yore. A smiling Santa Claus waves a greeting from the cover, Julia Burket shows what "The Unwelcome Gift" was which little Bebel offered the king, and Ellen Manly's "Ballad of Bungerydeen" is as cleverly rhymed and pictured as the most critical could wish.

All the Catholic magazines for December are, of course, replete with Christmas stories, articles, verses and illustrations. Father William D. O'Brien reminds *Extension* readers "What the Prophets Foretold of the Saviour," James V. Desmond relates once more "The Story of the Birth of Christ," and Lillian Murphy teaches "The Art of Christmas Giving." The *Queen's Work* opens with an exhortation to keep Christmas for Christ, publishes "The Christ-Child Candle in the Window," E. M. E. F.'s contribution to a short-story contest, and has a good ascetical paper on "The Feast of Generous Love," in which the writer exclaims with Crashaw:

Welcome all wonders in one night!
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in winter, day in night!
Heaven on earth, and God in man!
Great Little One, whose all embracing birth
Lifts earth to Heaven; lowers Heaven to earth!

The current *Catholic World*, as was shown in our issue of December 8, by no means lacks appropriate prose and verse for

Christmas, and the *Magnificat* could hardly have had more Christmas matter in it than this month's issue contains, Mr. Watts' story about the Protestant sergeant who saw midnight Mass celebrated in the trenches being a particularly good one.

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* makes the January number its Christmas issue and, as usual, is full of verses, stories and colored pictures appropriate for Our Lord's Birthday. Indeed all our Catholic papers, magazines and periodicals echo, as is meet at this blessed season, old Ben Jonson's melodious queries:

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin;
To make us heirs of glory?
To see the Babe all innocence,
A martyr born in our defense,
Can man forget the story?

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

A BIRTH-NIGHT SONG

The Child is rocked on Mary's knee,
Cold in the stall this bitter night;
And "Lullaby, loo," soft singeth she,
"My little Son and Heaven's Delight!"
When singing stars went up the sky
The Prince of Peace oped a sweet eye.

His Highness Lord, how small He lies!
He to be God and Very God!
A Jacob's ladder spans the skies
Whereof each rung is angel-trod,
Hark, how they sing: God-will to men!
The Prince of Peace is born again!

Come in, O war-worn world, and rest;
Kneel where the gentle creatures kneel;
The Babe clasped close to Mary's breast.
He is your Wound-Wort, your All-Heal
Balsam for wounds that ache and smart;
The Rose of Peace on Mary's heart.

He gathers in His hand, so small,
All herbs of healing, not a sword.
Come in, poor broken people all,
For here your ancient peace is stored.
"Lullaby, loo," sings Mary mild,
Kissing her Lord, her God, her Child.

KATHERINE TYNAN.

CHRISTMAS

"And shall you have a Tree," they say,
"Now one is dead and one away?"

Oh, I shall have a Christmas Tree!
Brighter than ever it shall be;
Dressed out with colored lights to make
The room all glorious for your sake.
And under the Tree a Child shall sleep
Near shepherds watching their wooden sheep
Threads of silver and ropes of gold,
Scarlet bubbles the Tree shall hold,
And little glass bells that tinkle clear.
I shall trim it alone but feel you near.

And when Christmas Day is almost done,
When they all grow sleepy one by one,
When Kenton's books have all been read,
When Deborah's climbing the stairs to bed;
I shall sit alone by the fire and see
Ghosts of you both come close to me.
For the dead and the absent always stay
With the one they love on Christmas Day.

ALINE KILMER.

REVIEWS

Cardinal Mercier. Pastorals, Letters, Allocutions, 1914-1917. With a Biographical Sketch and Foreword. By REV. JOSEPH F. STILLEMANS, President of the Belgian Relief Fund. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.25.

Amid the welter and horror of the present world-war there stands out no figure of more exalted moral grandeur than that of Désiré Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium. From the time that his country was ruthlessly invaded by the Germans, until today, when after more than three years of outrage and oppression, her soul still remains unconquered, Cardinal Mercier has never ceased to lift up his voice in fearless protest against the wrongs done Belgium by the invader, in cries to the civilized world for justice and reparation, and in fatherly words of comfort for his stricken flock. We have in this volume the most striking and important of his official utterances bearing on the war. In the first of the seven chapters is the Cardinal's noble pastoral on "Patriotism and Endurance" issued the sad Christmas of 1914, in which he consoled the sorrowing mothers of Belgium with these words:

"I was asked lately by a staff-officer whether a soldier falling in a righteous cause—and our cause is such, to demonstration—is not veritably a martyr. Well, he is not a martyr in the rigorous theological meaning of the word, inasmuch as he dies in arms, whereas, the martyr delivers himself, undefended and unarmed into the hands of the executioner. But if I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defense of his country's honor, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valor, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. "Greater love than this no man hath," said our Saviour, "that a man lay down his life for his friends." And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of charity.

"An Appeal to Truth" is the letter Cardinal Mercier sent the following year to the Bishops of Germany in order to clear of calumnious charges the clergy and people of Belgium; "For Our Soldiers" is the heartening discourse he delivered on his country's national holiday, July 21, 1916; "Belgium Enslaved" contains the correspondence between the Cardinal and the German authorities regarding that worst of iniquities, the deportations, by which thousands of able-bodied men were first robbed of work at home and then carried off to Germany and forced to take the places of laborers who were thus left free to enter the Kaiser's army and fight against the Cardinal's countrymen. "Christian Vengeance," the concluding discourse in the volume, is a masterly exposition of St. Thomas Aquinas's teaching on charity. The book's frontispiece is a picture in colors of the intrepid Primate of Belgium. W. D.

The Well of English and the Bucket. By BURGES JOHNSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Johnson's book has brought comfort to at least one who has spent many hours of his life trying to teach both high-school and college students how to write plain English. Comfort arises from two sources. First, the essays are so sensible, so practically suggestive, so charmingly done. Secondly, some of the ways and means explained were used by the one comforted when he was teaching the freshman class, and proved successful. It is consoling to have the commendation of an authority like Mr. Johnson. Whether or not the second reason is the more potent with the reviewer, matters little. It is none the less true that the papers, entitled "The Well of English and the Bucket," "Grammar the Bane of Boyhood," and the others, give solid reasons why our students are so backward in English composition. More than that, they offer effective remedies.

May it be given to our teachers to realize that their pupils can have all the rules of grammar, all the flats of rhetoric trippingly on the tongue, and yet they may be unable not only to write a page of respectable English; but, further, they may be quite unconcerned about the lack of such an elementary accomplishment. More than one author worth hearing has said that without enthusiasm nothing of moment will be done. Now, the first step towards any degree of enthusiasm is interest. If the teacher does not arouse interest in his pupils, if he does not show them that to be able to write their mother-tongue correctly is altogether possible and worth while, how is he going to stir them to labor at acquiring precision, much less any elegance in self-expression? Not every teacher will be able to use a newspaper as a text-book and succeed as Mr. Johnson does. On the other hand, we have proof enough that if our teachers persist in sticking to the lumbering rhetorical wains employed so commonly, their poor charges will continue to bear the heavy yoke rebelliously and in vain, for they will never care to learn how to write good English.

F. J. McN.

The History of Medieval Europe. By LYON THORNDYKE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.75.

"The pilgrim seeking the way to the past must first of all, like Christian at the wicket gate, free himself from the burden of all his present prejudices and even principles." Such are the words with which Mr. Thorndyke, in a spirit of "broad-mindedness," warns the historical student against what is justly reckoned the chief source whence most of the errors arise that darken the modern mind and prevent it from attaining to a clear and correct understanding of a past on whose institutions, customs, and beliefs our own age has, as a necessary consequence, been but very shiftily reared. The implication is, of course, that the author has done his best to comply with the above rule as he himself has formulated it. We have no reason to doubt his sincerity. His instincts are good and many passages in his book display a spirit of sympathy and condescending charity towards the rough-hewn giants of medieval times quite in keeping with the gospel of "sweetness and light." But instincts are poor guides in matters such as history, which for proper treatment, even in a text-book, requires a trained intellect and sound principles. The great medievalists certainly had more than mere instinct to direct them.

Mr. Thorndyke's deficiency in this regard is well illustrated by his formula which for all its apparent liberalism contains a gross psychological error. It is sound wisdom certainly to be on one's guard against prejudice, provided such prejudice be not in favor of known or suspected truth; but to ask a man to divest himself of his principles savors of absolute skepticism, which, for all the verbiage in which it may be clouded and shrouded, contradicts our God-given nature. If an historian has not a solid scientific grounding in ethics, metaphysics, and theology, he will of necessity assume an ethics, metaphysics, and theology of his own, of a purely anti-scientific and pragmatic nature and with no more solid foundation than the latest *on-ditologies* of his set or of current literature. And despite his liberal instincts this is precisely what Mr. Thorndyke has done. In theology he has assumed the Papacy to be a mere human institution. He assumes the metaphysical impossibility of miracles. And on his assumption again every emperor or king, whatever the ethical nature of his aims and actions, is sure to have been in the right whenever he opposed the Pope. The errors regarding facts and interpretation into which he has been thus led are too numerous to be detailed in a review such as this. If, however, he would take the pains to read such works as A. J. Carlyle's "History of Medieval Political Theory in the West" (non-Catholic), Hergenroether's "Church and State," Mann's "Lives of the Popes," and Hefele's "History of

the Councils" in the latest French translation, we feel sure that, in view of his evident sincerity, his next edition will leave less to be desired. For in point of form and arrangement Mr. Thorndyke's book may well serve as a model for future text-books on medieval history.

M. I. X. M.

Songs for a Little House. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.25.

Weights and Measures. By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.

Lightness and merriment are the dominant notes of both these books of verse, though some of Mr. Morley's pages are in a higher strain. He sings melodiously of the little joys and humors of domestic life, solemnly averring, for instance, that

The man who never in his life
Has washed the dishes with his wife
Or polished up the silver plate—
He still is largely celibate.

offers us "A Handful of Sonnets," of which "The Wedded Lover" is the best; runs off some parodies and "other literary pollen," not all of which are in impeccable taste, and writes some poems on the war, of which the following lines, entitled "March, 1915," are the finest:

*Pussy willow, pussy willow,
Do you bloom in Belgium now?*

Tiny, furry little catkins,
Where the Meuse runs green and clear,
Do the children run to pick you,
In this springtime of the year?
Do they stroke you and caress you;
Kiss the silky balls of fur,
Take you to the priest to bless you
And pretend to hear you purr?
Do their small, hot fingers wilt you?
(Sweethearts, you remember how—)

*Pussy willow, pussy willow,
Do you bloom in Belgium now?*

Verses which entertained those who were accustomed to throw a morning glance at F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" are likely to prove disappointing when gathered into a volume. There are some clever translations of Horace into very modern English; "Maecenas atavis," for example, begins thus:

Maecenas of the bluest blood,
My guard revered, my glory noble,
One man acquires Olympic mud
Upon his racing automobile,
And winning of an earthly prize
Exalts him to the well-known skies.

and here is Miss Muffet done in free verse:

Little Miss Muffet sat in a corner,
Absorbing casein—
A food of great nutritive power,
Rich in butter fats.
A spider—an arachnid of the species
Araneidae—came along
Ugly, motive horrendous,
Terrorizing her to the point of departure.

W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mary Parker Converse has arranged and compiled an "American Soldiers' and Sailors' Diary, 1918" (Dutton, \$0.60), and has placed at the top of each page texts ranging from Ella Wheeler Wilcox to St. John the Evangelist. At the end of the diary is a short exhortation by Cardinal O'Connell, a prayer by Dr. Jowett and, signed with Newman's name, a benediction, which he would hardly acknowledge his.—For housewives and cooks who are at a loss how to render meals appetizing to those who

strive to make their bodies less and more their grace, Vance Thompson has prepared an "Eat and Grow Thin Calendar, 1918" (Dutton, \$1.00). It contains the "Mahdah" menus for each month.

The *Catholic Convert* for December opens with Dr. James J. Walsh's sketches of the late Professor Eugene Woldemar Hilgard of the University of California and of Sven Magnus Gronberger of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, two convert scientists of renown. The Rt. Rev. Henry G. Graham, Auxiliary Bishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, who was formerly a Presbyterian, writes of the not very encouraging "Religious Conditions in Scotland" where few are willing to "turn Irish" as entering the Church is called. Eva Dorsey Carr of Annapolis continues the narrative of her conversion, Mary Roberts, and Francis Chapman Leete tell how they found the true Church and Helena T. Goessmann contributes an appreciation of the late Herbert Shaw Carruth. According to the official records 10,000 converts were made last year in England.

War dominates in Nellie L. McClung's "The Next of Kin" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.25), but it is not the war as seen only on the fields of battle, but rather the dread scourge as it affects those who do not go to the front themselves but send their own there, or as the subtitle well puts it, "those who wait and wonder." There are poems, stories, essays and arguments of widely varying merit, "Permission" being a tale excellent in matter and in manner. The author sees no courage in "the monastery idea of retirement from the world" but if she is speaking of the Anglican Church, her own words in another part of the book may account for her opinion, for she says: "The Church . . . has clung to shadows after the substance has departed."—The plot of "The Ruby Cross" (Benziger, \$1.25), by Mary Wallace, involves a charming heroine and a scoundrel villain, and is unfolded adroitly. The climax is capped by a sort of triple elopement, which emphasizes the Church's uncompromising stand on the question of marriage.—Maurice Brandon, with a cigarette between his lips and "a look of supreme boredom on his handsome young face," together with Convers, Doris, Vivian Caryll, Audrey, Hugh Chenyl, and many other well-named persons make Ethel Dell's "The Safety-Curtain" (Putnam, \$1.50) the legitimate successor of the late Laura Jean Libby. The "striking and forceful" tales ascribed to Miss Dell by the publishers, have, unfortunately, been omitted from this volume.

The subtitle of "Elizabeth Bess, a Little Girl of the Sixties" (Macmillan, \$1.25), by E. C. Scott, might well have been "a little child shall lead them." The scene is a typical New England town of fifty years ago, with its village school, kindly neighbors, Fourth of July celebrations, etc. Elizabeth Bess Bradford is a real little girl with all the curiosity peculiar to one "going on six." The difficulties in which she finds herself and her perfect confidence in "brover Wee-um's" power of solving them should amuse grown-ups as well as the younger folk. Cleverly interwoven with the children's adventures is a quiet romance happily consummated in the finding by "Elizabeth Bess" herself of Howell Bradford, missing since Gettysburg. The freshness and very human character-presentation of this Catholic author's book will make the reader wish for more of its kind.—"About Peggy Saville" (Putnam, \$1.25), is Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey's story of an attractive prank-loving girl whose parents sent her to school at a vicarage where there were many persons into whose lives she wove her own in an interesting way.—To the child whose Christmas present somebody forgot to buy full amends can be made by securing for the little neglected one the sumptuous volume of Joel Chandler Harris's "Nights with Uncle Remus" (Houghton Mifflin,

\$3.00), which Milo Winter has so appropriately illustrated with thirteen droll pictures in color. The fact that Mr. Harris was a Catholic is an additional reason why our boys and girls should know their Uncle Remus perfectly.

"Deeds not creeds," writes Dr. Charles Foster Kent of Yale, in the preface to his "The Social Teachings of the Prophets and Jesus" (Scribner's, \$1.50), "alone are essential." The stock phrase gives the measure of Dr. Kent's insight into the teaching of the Redeemer of the human race. Of His disciples, Jesus Christ demanded the complete acknowledgment that He is in very truth, the Incarnate God. On this truth is His mission based, and if Jesus Christ is not God, Christianity is a fraud and the philosophy which Dr. Kent builds upon the system, can be nothing but a delusion. Books of this kind explain why Protestantism, in so many quarters, has rejected the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and supply a convincing reason why the attendance of Catholics at non-Catholic schools is a danger to Faith. Except his adoring pupils, there is no greater fool than the man wise in his own conceit.—In "Experiments in Educational Psychology" (Macmillan, \$1.00) Dr. Starch of the University of Wisconsin has written a book which will be found suggestive by advanced students. There is very little theory in this volume, intended for the laboratory, and while some of the experiments may seem of doubtful utility, teachers will find the suggestions on motor and visual imagery, in Chapter VIII, calculated both to lift their own minds out of the professional rut and to stimulate the minds of their pupils.

To every organist the names of Guilmant, Saint-Saëns, Widor and César Franck are as familiar as the very instrument on which he plays. In his volume, "The Organ in France" (The Boston Music Co., \$2.00), Wallace Goodrich aims at giving a description of the organ as known to these great composers, and which guided them in their efforts. During the past twenty-five years there has been a revolution in organ construction, especially in America. The modern instrument may be called an orchestra. Its place is the theater as well as the church. The great French composers wrote not necessarily and exclusively for the church, but for an organ whose purpose was to aid and embellish the church service. Consequently when their compositions are performed on the present-day organ with its amplified registration and electrically controlled contrivances, they do not render at all the effects intended by the composers. Even though the American editions are annotated especially to overcome this difficulty they nevertheless fail to do so. The result is that these masterpieces lose their best charm. The purpose of this very technical book is to give American organists an intimate knowledge of the organ for which the masters wrote. This will enable them to effect their own registration and thus do justice to the compositions.

"American Adventures" (Century, \$3.00), is a glorified guide-book to a number of Southern cities. In the course of 681 pages, Mr. Street pleasantly conveys a large amount of information on geographical and ethnological matters, tells a number of good stories, and succeeds fairly well in proving that his vision is not obscured by the smoke that rose from Sumter in April, '61.—"Palestine, the Rebirth of an Ancient Nation" (Knopf, \$1.25), by Albert M. Hyamson, is a timely book owing to the present campaign in that interesting country. The volume will not attract the pilgrim or the archeologist, as it concerns itself with a history of the Zionist movement, but it should prove interesting to those whose hopes are centered in the colonization of Judea, the restoration of the Hebrew nation and the enjoyment of political and religious liberty

by the exiled Jews of the world.—“Medical Research and Human Welfare” (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.25), by W. W. Keen, M.D., is a record of personal experiences and observations during the professional life of fifty-seven years of the Emeritus Professor of Surgery at Jefferson Medical College. Dr. Keen describes, with the vividness of an eye-witness, the general progress of medicine through the discoveries of anaesthesia, bacteriology, and aseptic surgery. It is a valuable record of events, but one which will be chiefly interesting to Dr. Keen's many friends.

Mr. Shane Leslie's “Forgotten Passages in the Life of Florence Nightingale” is the most interesting paper in the October *Dublin Review*. That distinguished woman's letters to Cardinal Manning indicate how near she once was to the Church and they also give a merciless analysis of Anglican inconsistency. She concludes:

The Church of England could not have stood in any country but England, because she is such a poor historian. I have always thought that the great theological fight had yet to be fought out in England between Catholicism and Protestantism. In Germany it was fought out 300 years ago. They know why they are Protestants. I never knew an Englishman who did, and if he inquires, he becomes a Catholic.

Malcolm V. Hay shows how John Lorenz Mosheim, “the discredited and forgotten Lutheran historian,” was “The German Ghost of Gibbon” on whom the latter relied for many of his “facts.” A reviewer quotes with commendation these stanzas on “The Children's War” from Katherine Tynan's “Late Songs”:

This is the Children's War, because
The victory's to the young and clean.
Up to the Dragon's ravening jaws
Run dear Eighteen and Seventeen.

The light is yet upon their eyes,
The dream is still within their eyes,
Their cheeks are silken as a girl's—
The little Knights of Paradise.

O men, with many scars and stains,
Stand back, abase your souls and pray!
For now to Nineteen are the gains,
And golden Twenty wins the day. . . .

A seasonable poem in Miss Margaret Widdemer's “Factories” (Holt, \$1.25) is the following “Country Carol”:

Where the patient oxen were, by the ass's stall,
Watching my Lord's manger, knelt the waking cattle all;
'Twas a little country Maid vigil by Him kept—
All among the country things my good Lord slept.
Fair was Rome, the city, on that early Christmas morn,
Yet among the country-folk was my Lord born.

Country-lads that followed him, blithe they were and kind,
It was only city-folk were hard to Him and blind;
Ay, He told of lilies, and of grain and grass that grew,
Fair things of the summer fields, my good Lord knew,
By the hedgerow's flowering there He laid His head—
It was in the country that my Lord was bred.

When the Cross weighed down on Him on the grievous road,
'Twas a kindly countryman raised my good Lord's load;
Peasant-girls of Galilee, folk of Nazareth,
These were fain to follow Him down the ways of death—
Yea, beyond a city wall, underneath the sky,
Out in open country did my good Lord die.

When He rose to Heaven on that white ascension day,
Last from open country did my good Lord pass away;
Rows of golden seraphim watched where He should dwell,
Yet it was the country-folk had my Lord's farewell;
Out above the flowered hill, from the mossy grass
Up from open country did my good Lord pass. . . .

EDUCATION

“The Value of the Classics”

IN the volume bearing the above title, recently edited by Andrew F. West, Dean of the Princeton Graduate School, and issued from the Princeton University Press, a copious array of arguments is put at the command of the champions of the classics. The arguments have been selected from those set forth last summer by the eminent educators and their allies from many walks of life who gathered at Princeton to plead the cause of the old masters. The book makes interesting and useful reading, and affords us the opportunity once more to call attention to some at least of the reasons of the faith that is in us, that the classics are the best instruments in the hand of the teacher to train the minds of the coming generations.

Mr. W. W. Keen, President of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, is not mistaken when he says: “As a basis of universal culture the classics stand in an impregnable position.” (“Value of the Classics,” p. 250).

Viscount Bryce tells us that the modern world needs the ancient writings as much as ever, “not only because they furnish perpetual delight as models of style, but also because by their very unlikeness to modern conditions they touch the imagination, stimulate thought, enlarge our view of man and nature.” They are interwoven into the very texture of modern literature “and are the common heritage of civilized peoples, the permanent foundation on which the republic of letters has been built.” And the real, the prevalent reason, says President Wilson (“Value of the Classics,” p. 131) “for holding every man we can to the study of the classics,” is the scant capital which would be left us to trade on “were we to throw away the wisdom we have inherited and seek our fortunes with the slender stock we ourselves have accumulated.”

THE TENURE OF THE CLASSICS

SUCH facts need to be emphasized. For 2,000 years the classics have been in possession of the educational field. We might add 500 years to that period and not be mistaken. For classic education began on the day when Greek boys were sent to school to the Iliad and the Odyssey and Greece as a nation learned its value when her tribes gathered at the Olympic games to hear Herodotus read of their country's glorious struggle to “make the world safe for democracy,” and when later on Athenians watched the net of doom closing around the Theban king in the immortal tragedy of their greatest dramatist. But even should this not be taken into account, its influence began when Cicero, Horace, Lucretius, Virgil and Hortensius looked to Athens for their masters in the art of eloquence and song, and Roman boys parsed and scanned their Homer and Alcæus. The classics of Greece took hold then of the hearts and the imaginations of the masters of the world, and Greece though conquered by the legions of Rome soon captured the minds of her new lords. The classics have been in possession ever since. Not a nation of the Western world has risen to greatness and power, or filled its destiny in the pages of history that did not bow to the rule of these high sovereigns of the mind. In the period of the savage incursions of the Alani, the Hun, the Vandal and the Goth, the classics still kept their hold on the succeeding generations. Augustine and Jerome, Gregory Nazianzen, and Basil, Prudentius and Lactantius lit their torches in the midst of the surrounding darkness at the altars where still glowed the white flame of their genius. The Middle Ages worshiped at their shrine. The Renaissance paid them an almost idolatrous worship. In the days of Elizabeth and Anne and the Georges in England, under Louis XIV in France, when Charles V was Emperor in Germany and Spain, when Leo X and Gregory XIII were Popes, the world bowed to the classics' dominant sway. Towards the end of the seventeenth century and ever since, slowly and stubbornly other rivals tried to dispute their

claims. But these old rulers had such a hold on their wide-spread kingdom that even now they have not been superseded and on the contrary are gaining new and more loyal champions every day. One of their claims is founded on long tenure of office. Long possession is in their favor.

THE ORIGINAL TEACHERS

THIS long tenure of office has also been beneficent and useful. The classics have laid the basis of our educational structure. The temple of literature was practically completed when these old masters passed away. Moderns have rounded off its proportions, added here and there to its exquisite beauty; placed in its niches and shrines some figures which may compare with those which elder hands had carved. But new lines, new types, new molds, have not been devised. The Greeks alone had brought to perfection every form of composition of which the modern world now boasts. We have practically added not a single one to the list which they left us. First of uninspired writers, the Greeks invented or perfected the drama, the satire, the elegy, the epic, the ode, the humorous and philosophical dialogue, the memoir, the epigram, the biography, the philosophy of history. They were the first to codify the laws of thought, to chart the currents and the tides of the soul. Aristotle delved into the recesses of the human heart. Longus gave us one of the first novels. The ground-plan of that educational temple of which we are so proud is the work of Greek genius. The Greeks and their imitators of Rome cleared the soil and surveyed it for us. We are tilling and building on the fields which they were the first to mark out. We cannot get away from that stern historical fact.

INSPIRATION FROM THE CLASSICS

THE foot-falls of these great masters echo everywhere in the temple of knowledge. Old Aristotle walks arm in arm with Thomas Aquinas in the cloisters of the University of Paris and whispers great secrets to the high-souled Mercier at Louvain, to Suarez in his Jesuit cell. Plutarch, in English dress, tells Shakespeare how Caesar died and Antony swayed the mob. Virgil becomes Dante's guide in the nether world, and the great Florentine is proud to hail the Mantuan bard as his master. Bossuet, like Alexander who slept with the Iliad under his pillow, ever has his Homer close at hand and, after the majesty of the Bible, knows no greater inspirer than the surge and the thunder of the Odyssey and the siege of Troy. Tasso and Camoens are at their best when they listen to the echoes of the singer of the Aeneid. The wit of Lucian flashes out in the caustic satire of Swift and the biting sarcasm of Voltaire. Milton drank deep at their crystal springs. The kindly humor of Horace echoes in the pages of Addison, the portrait sketches of Theophrastus glow again in the character sketches of La Bruyère. The impassioned eloquence of Demosthenes vibrates in the pages of Fox and Chatham. Newman confesses that he had only one master to teach him the secrets of his golden prose, Cicero, the most Roman of all Rome's sons. Those old masters were the guests of More and Erasmus at Chelsea, they came to the solitude of the Virginia hills and were the masters of Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson. If they inspired these lords of language and thought, we may well submit to their sceptred sway.

CONTRIBUTORS TO MODERN CIVILIZATION

MANY forces have contributed to the shaping and molding of modern civilization. Prominent among these forces, namely—the Hebrew, the Græco-Roman, the Anglo-Saxon, the Gallo-Celtic in its manifold subdivisions and forms, the Græco-Roman holds a peculiar position of honor. From the Hebrew we derive the story of the primitive revelation and the later through the Judæo-Christian heirs of that revelation, a

knowledge of the perfect manifestation of the Divinity, the Sacred Person of Our Lord. From the Anglo-Saxon we get our concept of modern liberty and democracy, though these are by no means the exclusive privilege of the Anglo-Saxon race, from the Gallo-Celtic, and from its cognate sources come the high idealism and the far-seeing spiritual outlook on men and things, Rome and Greece give the keen sense of proportion, mental equilibrium, serenely wise and balanced thought. We cannot understand modern civilization in its fullness if we do not understand the processes to which it owes its birth. These are to be found in the civilization of Athens and Rome. These have as their mouthpieces the great authors upon whose wisdom, the succeeding ages have been nurtured. It were folly to cut ourselves adrift from these influences and to ignore the pit from which we have been dug.

A great architect, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, quoted in the Princeton volume (p. 333) says that without intelligent knowledge of the past, "as it has shown itself in its religion, its philosophy, its social organization and its art, it is impossible to interpret history, to comprehend the present or to determine the future." According to the same writer Greek and Latin are the languages of "the great epochs of vital civilization, Hellenic, Roman, medieval, and through them alone we come to the heart of the true culture that stands as an eternal reproach to our own barbarism." With Mr. Cram, we believe that the classics have no adequate substitute as educators, beyond them there is no equal revelation of eternal values. It were, to say the least, imprudent, and many would call it unwise and downright folly, to sell these old lamps which have lit the pathway of the noblest and the best down the archways of time, for the baubles and the trinkets which the unwary would substitute in their stead. "Through Greek and Latin," says Mr. Cram, "and through them only, can we come into actual personal contact with that great past, which is the only sound basis of enduring culture and righteous civilization."

J. C. R.

SOCIOLOGY

May Poles and Amusements

THE doctrine, which the Eighth Harry first read in the eyes of Anne Boleyn, and afterwards bequeathed to the English nation, was almost as much hated as the Catholic Church, by a sect called "Puritan." The Established Church persecuted the sect, and many of them fled to Holland. In 1620, they petitioned, and received from James a grant to settle in the Colonies. In 1621 the Pilgrim Fathers landed on American soil, and founded the town of Plymouth. The name "Puritan" originally implied "purity from Rome." In the Puritan calendar all holidays, both of the Catholic and English Church were omitted. They kept Christmas, in a mild fashion, but he sinned grievously who ate mince-pie on that day. Amusement in any shape was anathema.

Another party of English emigrants landed a few years afterwards. Those did not hold Puritanism strictly, and consequently were forced to move farther up the coast to the present site of Boston. In 1625, when those "roysterers" set up a May pole, the Pilgrim Fathers sent an armed force which promptly cut down the May pole, and forced the whole party of law-breakers to fly across the Blackstone into the wilderness. Then began a persecution of Catholics and Anglicans and every other sect by the fanatical Puritans, which lasted even beyond the Revolution. General Washington, in his time, publicly rebuked them for their "childish custom" of burning the Pope in effigy. The puritanical spirit did not die with the close of the Revolution. The Puritan rose again, and walked around, and through our nation, with his head as high as the heavens. He carried the ax of bigotry on his shoulder, and had an irresistible impulse to cut down every May pole, to

destroy every vestige of Catholicism, for Catholics taught their children a wrong doctrine about God, and Catholics were loose in their morals. Their faces were not long enough.

OUR MODERN PURITAN

THE soul of the man puritanically inclined is always troubled. Let him by mistake wander into a large room of a Catholic parochial school on some Sunday afternoon in May, as an entertainment is being held. Perhaps the first object of his vision is the May pole in the center of the stage; the second, an image of Our Lady near one corner of the same stage. The place is filled with anxious fathers and mothers. The Sister at the piano is playing softly. Suddenly a crowd of little tots rush on the stage from both sides, and circle around the pole. They break circle and form a line at the stage front. They fall back, they cross over, they sway from right to left, they march to time in the figure eight. They sing a song of May, bow, and gracefully retire. Another party of larger children come on, and though our visitor's heart is thumping his side with rage at the transgression which is perpetrated against God and man, yet he is forced to admire the rhythmical movements of those innocent children. But he crushes down his better self and allows the old man to have possession. He must remedy this terrible abuse.

On his way home, he must pass an Italian Catholic church. To his horror he sees a long line of boys and girls dressed as angels filing out of the church. It is a May procession, and his blood congeals as he sees a statue of the "Virgin" emerge, borne on the shoulders of four sturdy youths. Preceding and following the statue are little girls, acting as flower-bearers. Flowers are thrown to right and left as the procession moves on. And those are to march around several blocks of the city? It is too much for our Puritan friend; to him it is not only unlawful amusement, but idolatry. He is passing the ball-park. A game is in progress, and he recognizes several boys who should be at catechism in the neighboring Catholic church. In a moment, he takes in the whole situation. Catechism-class is over, and the boys have retired to the park to play ball: and Heaven bless the mark! the young curate is there, encouraging the boys in what our friend regards the most degrading of sins. He hurries on as if pursued by the spirit of retribution. He walks briskly across the park, crosses a creek, and close by the path, is camped a jolly crowd of young folks. The man recognizes sons and daughters of his Catholic neighbors, and draws the right conclusion. It is a crowd of Catholics having a kind of picnic on Sunday. In wild despair, he raises his suppliant hands towards heaven, and resolves to take a firmer stand against all who favor amusements of any kind.

THE BIBLICAL WARRANT

NOW if our separated brother would reflect deeply on some Biblical passages with which he is quite familiar, he would, perhaps, be enlightened on three points. The first is that innocent amusement helps to dispel dangerous temptations, the second, that innocent amusement gives glory to God, and the third, that Our Lord not only did not condemn, but once took part in innocent amusement. Can our friend recall the passage, where "whensoever the evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul, David took his harp and played with his hand, and Saul was refreshed, and was better, for the evil spirit departed from him?" Now, if the evil spirit came upon Saul on Sunday, or, in fact, on any other day, the remedy ought not to be applied, for it was a kind of innocent amusement and pastime for David and Saul. Thus, it would seem, we ought to yield to temptation rather than indulge in innocent amusement. Again, did David give glory to God when he marched with the Ark and seven choirs? when he danced with all his might before the Lord? "And David and all the house of Israel brought the

Ark of the Covenant of the Lord with joyful shouting, and with sound of trumpet." It is true, that David's wife, Michol, on seeing him leaping and dancing, despised him in her heart. But David said, "Before the Lord who chose me rather than thy father, and than all his house, and commanded me to be ruler over the people of the Lord in Israel, I will both play and make myself meaner than I have done: and I will be little in my own eyes." We know that any one little in his own eyes gives glory to God.

At a marriage in Cana, too, were gathered many men and women, and we can justly suppose they were making merry. Our Blessed Lord with His Apostles was passing close to this place, and a messenger was dispatched to invite Him to the feast. Surely the Lord was not looking for amusement, and indeed would countenance no amusement that lay even within the shadow of the occasion of sin. Yet He accepted the invitation. The wedding festival that followed the ceremony of marriage was always in accordance with the means of the participating parties. Those people were evidently poor. Imagine Our Lord taking in the whole situation, yet listening to His Mother's suggestion, and resolving to contribute even through a miracle, to the happiness of the young people, and their guests. To do this, He had to use His Divine power for the first time; but by so doing, He sanctioned lawful amusement for all time.

THOMAS J. MARTIN.

NOTE AND COMMENT

War Insurance

THE United States Treasury Department announces that the war-insurance policies issued up to November 28 aggregated \$1,032,938,000. General Pershing himself, thousands of officers and tens of thousands of men have already taken out such policies. Any man or woman, of whatever age, engaged in the active military or naval service of the United States, can obtain this Government insurance. The beneficiaries are limited to wife, husband, child, grandchild, brother or sister, stepbrother or stepsister, adopted brother or adopted sister of the insured, as well as parent, grandparent, or stepparent, either of the insured or of his or her consort. The cost for each thousand dollars of insurance is from sixty-five cents a month for persons at the age of twenty-one, to one dollar and twenty-five cents a month for those of the age of fifty-one. While this insurance is not compulsory, all eligible persons are urged to avail themselves of the opportunity offered them. The low cost and the secure protection assured will enable every soldier to provide for those dear to him.

The Ozanam Association

THOSE who have had the privilege of studying the activities of the Ozanam Association of New York City, have fully recognized the powerful influence it is exerting for the good of its members and for general civic usefulness. It has lately given a demonstration of intensely loyal patriotism. More than 500 members of the Association have enlisted in the country's service, a very remarkable figure, when it is taken into consideration that the clubs are composed for the most part of boys. The November number of the *Ozanam Bulletin* records on its "Honor Roll" the names of 275 Ozanam boys who have joined the United States army and navy, and adds the following modest comment:

The Ozanam Association is justly proud of the splendid list on page 1 of the *Bulletin*. As we go to press word comes that nearly as many more as are shown there are entitled to the honor, having entered the service since the list was compiled. The principal cause of our gratification, however, lies in the fact that more than ninety-five per cent. of

the number entered the service as volunteers. The country needed them and with no consideration of self they sprang to her support. We regret that space did not permit the recording of the branch of the service chosen by every boy. It can be stated, however, that every military activity now has an Ozanam representative, from aviation down.

In the same issue is reproduced a letter of commendation addressed to one of the clubs for its active share in taking the census by the Director of Military Census in New York City, M. E. P. Goodrich, in which he says:

I am taking the first opportunity that has been afforded me to express my appreciation of the splendid work of your Association. You have been unusually efficient in the work and faithful to the trusts given to you. The reports indicate that you have registered 3,900 people, a truly remarkable showing for one organization. . . . The thanks of the citizens of the city are due you for your unselfish devotion and cooperation, and as Director of the New York City works, I assure you of my heartfelt gratitude.

No better commentary could be desired on the work of the Association. Its worthy purpose is so well set forth in the *Bulletin* of the Association that it would be difficult to find a more worthy object of charity in New York City; and in other cities a more effective work of zeal than to institute and support the Ozanam Association.

Anti-Catholic Propaganda in the Allied Camp

CATHOLICS all over the world, writes a correspondent to the New York *Evening Post*, are disturbed at the injection of a definitely anti-Catholic propaganda into the already sufficiently confused war situation. With supreme indignation they behold the malicious grouping in the Allied press of "Anarchists, Socialists and Clericals" as alleged accomplices for the undoing of Italy.

The feeling engendered by the existence of such a propaganda is not allayed by the disclosure of a secret treaty apparently binding the Allies in advance to a policy of ignoring any diplomatic move by the Pope in the direction of peace. It falls with sinister fidelity into tune with the almost unanimous charges in the press of the Entente nations, since the recent heartrending disaster to our gallant Italian ally, that the catastrophe was brought about by "Papal treachery."

The Pope's peace proposals, we are insolently told, have sown anarchy in the Italian armies. The fact, says the writer, was the very opposite. The existing unrest in the world called forth the peace note of the Pope instead of being caused by it. The elements of disruption that have brought ruin to Russia have long been active in all the nations of Europe. "The responsibility for the state of Italy rests with the same elements which are responsible for the state of Russia. In that responsibility the Pope has certainly no part." A further responsibility lies on those who rejected or ignored the Pope's peace proposals. These proposals, the correspondent adds, are as a mirrored image of President Wilson's own peace message.

With one exception, the differences between these messages are differences not of principle but of detail. That exception is the incorporation by the Pope in his message in place of America's war aim—"to make the world safe for democracy"—an aim which the Pope stated thus: "First, the fundamental point must be that the material force of arms shall give way to the moral force of right."

The Catholic Church has done all in her power to combat the disruptive elements in Italy, as Cardinal Gasparri says in the dispatch from Rome, November 27, 1917:

The Catholic Church has always regarded true patriotism as a Christian duty and a Christian virtue, and still so teaches. . . . When the disruptive propaganda began to affect

the morale of the Italian army, the clergy in general and also the army chaplains, following the example of the chaplain-in-chief, labored to counteract it and to elevate the morale of the troops. More than once the army chaplains informed the chaplain-in-chief, who informed the supreme civil authorities, of the disruptive movement that was creeping in—and all that long before the publication of the Papal note.

This answer to the malicious slander is absolute and decisive. It is of course natural, as the correspondent of the *Evening Post* writes, that those who are to blame should endeavor to excuse themselves at the expense of some one else. But they are pursuing a short-sighted policy:

May I point out the danger to the Allied cause of attempting to make a scapegoat of the Pope? Ignoring the millions of Catholics who have died for that cause, there are still millions of French, Irish, Italian, Belgian, Portuguese, and other Catholics fighting in the Allied armies. Secretary Baker places the Catholics now in the United States forces at over thirty per cent of the total forces. The whole of South America is Catholic. Three-fourths of the Catholic world lie outside of the Central Powers, and are mostly in active sympathy with our cause.

Toleration by the Allies of this slanderous campaign is a great delusion. "There can be no more disruptive element in the Allied camp than those who now traduce the Pope, for an insult to the Pope is an insult which every Catholic feels impelled to resent."

The Name "Catholic"

TO throw further light on the proper answer to the query, "'Catholic' or 'Roman Catholic'?" which is ably discussed by Father Hull in the current *Catholic Mind*, the Bombay *Examiner* takes the following extract from "an American contemporary," to show how firmly the term "Catholic" is embedded in general literature:

There can be no possible misunderstanding when people speak of "Catholic Emancipation"; or when Tennyson in "Queen Mary" makes Elizabeth refer to Philip of Spain as "the proud Catholic prince"; or when Ruskin, in "Fors Clavigera," writes "concerning these Arabian Knights of Venice and the Catholic Church"; or when Leigh Hunt says in his autobiography that "Dante's heaven, is the sublimation of a Catholic church"; or when Carlyle says that "The ideas and feelings of man's moral nature have never found so perfect an expression in form as they found in the noble cathedrals of Catholicism"; or when Lecky, in his "Rationalism in Europe," says that "The Catholic reverence of the Virgin has done much to elevate and purify the ideal woman, and to soften the manners of men"; or when Hawthorne says, "I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother"; or when we say that Belgium is a Catholic country; or when Becherelle's Dictionary says that in French "the word 'Catholic' is used only in connection with the Church in communion with Rome"; or when the Turkish Government distinguishes between the Orthodox and the Catholics.

"In a word, the world has fixed the use of the word 'Catholic' to suit itself and, as that use happens to be in accord with the true meaning, it is useless to attempt to change it." We may add that in colloquial speech, not less than in literary English, the term "Catholic" is used with the same exclusive application to the Church which is in communion with Rome. "Are you a Romanist?" asked the land agent of Mr. Dooley. "A which?" said he. "Are you a Roman Catholic?" "No, thank God, I'm a Chicago Catholic!" "Tis the same thing," said the agent.

With the object, therefore, of teaching our non-Catholic fellow-citizens just what our name is, Catholics should avoid using the term, "Roman Catholic" and insist upon being called "Catholics" merely. It is not necessary to emphasize the Roman headship of our Church, for everybody is aware of it, and we should not accept from non-Catholics a name which was none of our making and which the Church does not use in her official formulas.